Mr Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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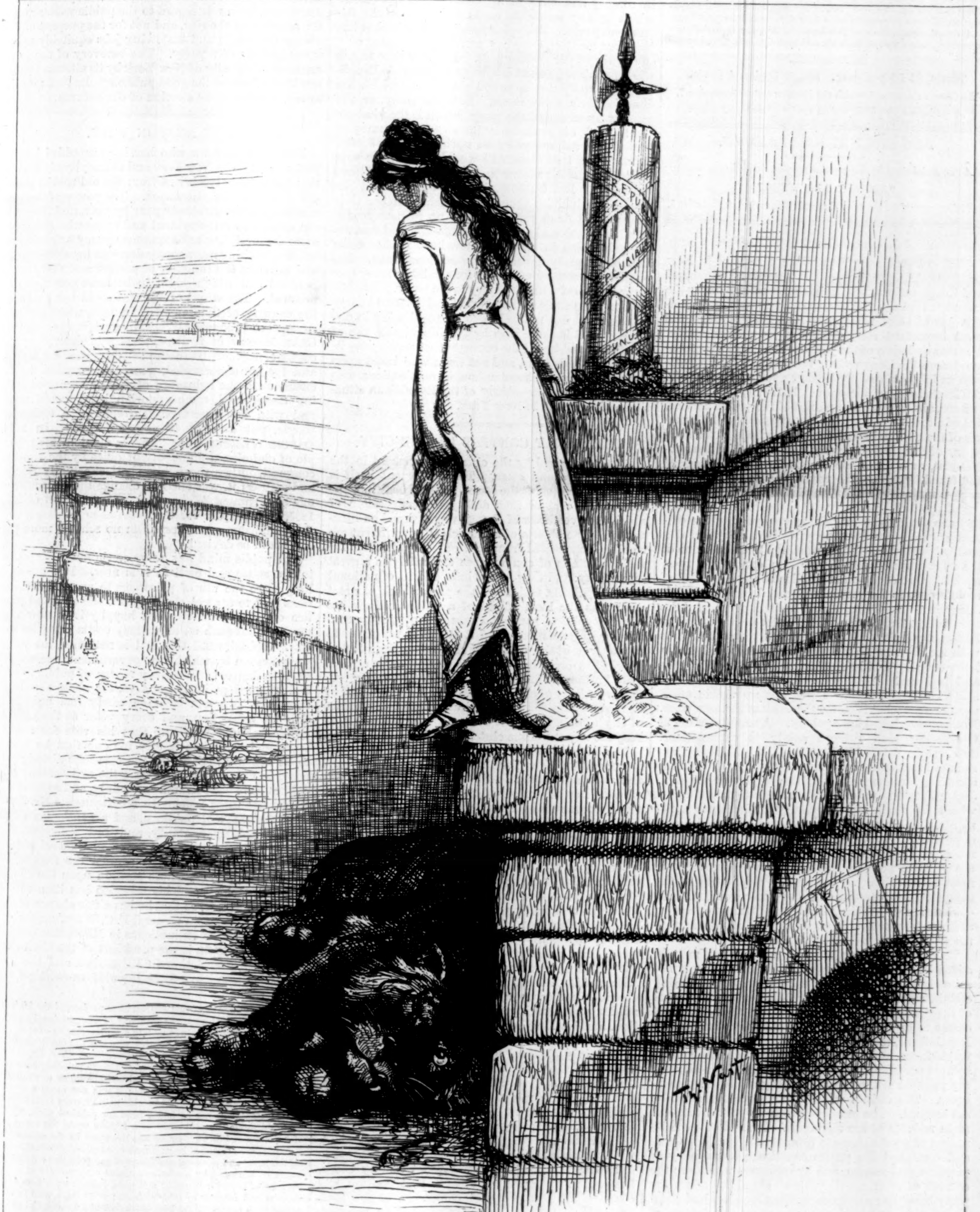
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THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The extraordinary Republican campaign in New York draws to a close. It began with a general and indignant protest. It has been carried on by the assertion that the indignation was somewhat subsiding. It will end, whether by success or defeat, in the most important results for the Republican party. The manipulation of the party by the national patronage before the Convention; removals of efficient officers, as in Utica and Ogdensburg, for no kind of official inefficiency or misconduct, but solely for factional reasons, and in the interest, not of the public service, but of a section of a party; the appearance of a member of the national administration, who is at the head of one of the great patronage departments of the government, as a candidate for Governor; the forgery and fraud by which the result was determined by a meagre majority in the Convention; the selection of one of the most generally distrusted members of the party as the manager of the campaign; and the evident official control of the party by a clique of discredited politicians—have combined to make it one of the most unpromising Republican campaigns upon record. One of the chief candidates upon the ticket, in deference to the general distrust, declined to stand. Judge Folger, after apparent hesitation, accepted the nomination for Governor in a letter deprecating dishonest methods, and revealing his own uneasiness with the situation. Mr. Carpenter followed with a letter arguing that he was an honest man. Vigorous and independent Republican journals through the State virtually bolted. There was no visible effort even to start what is called the work of the campaign. Nothing was heard but apology. A small meeting at Chickering Hall listened coldly to explanations. After some delay, Mr. Depew, at the Academy, announced that he had no particular sympathy with the situation, but was not yet willing to give up the ship. Judge Folger sent a letter to an Albany meeting, in which he made some apparently inaccurate statements, and some suggestions as to the financial consequences of his defeat, which, as coming from a Secretary of the Treasury who was also a candidate in the election, were, for those who have respected him, most extraordinary. Indeed, the chief work of the campaign has consisted in daily assertions, without evidence or probability, at the State Committee rooms, that a reaction of feeling was about to set in, and that the prospects were decidedly more hopeful.

The reason of this astonishing situation may be stated in a very few words. It is that a party is not an end, but a means. It is an agency for securing certain results; and when it falls under the control of those who do not approve or desire those results, it ceases to be such an agency. An immense body of Republicans, to whom the party owes its inspiration, its guidance, and its triumphs, who are neither office-seekers nor soreheads, are thoroughly disgusted with the political methods and morality of the party managers. The objects which these Republicans desire are scorned. The practices which they despise are the main reliance of the managers. Instead of a combination of good citizens to promote the public welfare, and command the public confidence by a policy of progress and reform, and by measures which are the earnest of such a policy, these Republicans see the party becoming a mere conspiracy for place and plunder, and are themselves thrown upon the defense of men and acts that they condemn. They may sometimes reluctantly acquiesce, in the hope of seeing the party recover its old character and purpose. But at other times they will refuse to be made agents to strengthen men and methods that appeal to them only by the name and not by the real principles and spirit of the party, and in the hope of correcting the evils which are ruining the party as an agency for great public ends, they will acquiesce in its defeat in a State or local election, trusting that by changing its course it may resume its power.

It is this consideration which will probably determine the result in New York. The result, indeed, has been often made doubtful by some kind of corrupt bargain with Tammany Hall, and this year there are rumors of "a deal" with certain railroad interests to transfer a large number of votes under orders to be issued at the last moment. That, however, is probably only one of the rumors which always attend the closing hours of a critical contest. Even should it prove to be true, a campaign which begins in forgery and ends in a "deal" would not be one which by any possibility could re-invigorate the Republican party. The sole appeal of this election has been that the Democrats can not safely be trusted with the power of the government. But it is time to ask whether this argument is always to persuade Republicans to ratify the unscrupulous actions which are done in their party name. Is it the party, or the country by means of the party, which is the vital object? And if it be the latter, how can the country be properly served except by an upright agency? Mr. Depew says that Garfield would never have suggested Democratic success as a remedy for Republican dissension. But Garfield always insisted that Republican principles should be upheld whether they led to defeat or to victory. And no man more distinctly and solemnly than Garfield asserted that the methods which in many quarters have mastered the Republican party are absolutely un-Republican. Republican personal preferences for candidates may properly be settled without injury to the party. But Republican dissensions about honest and dishonest party management can not be healed by acquiescing in dishonesty. It is those who by the illegitimate use of patronage, and by all the outrages that accompany it, have raised this issue, and not those who insist upon free and fair elections and unbought nominations, who must bear the responsibility of the Republican situation and prospects in New York.

THE GREAT CONTEST IN THE CITY.

The issue raised by the citizens' movement in the city is incisive and clear. The movement itself is another indication of the sound political health of the community, and of that ability of recuperation of which the overthrow of Tweed was so signal an illustration. The objects of a municipal government are wholly disconnected from politics. They include the various details of convenience and safety in a great community, and they are as independent of national political policies, which are the proper basis of great parties, as the local affairs of a village. They are seized by political parties because such parties are continuing organizations, and it is easier for them to take charge of the details of an election than for an impromptu organization. But that is only until a truly business administration has been once secured. The great body of non-office-seeking tax-payers and of citizens who desire an economical and efficient conduct of city affairs will then become the organization to keep the city out of the clutch of sharks and sharpers.

The citizens who have undertaken the present movement in New York are among the most eminent and substantial in the city. They are an admirable representation of the public spirit, intelligence, courage, and tenacity of the citizens of New York. They belong to both national parties, but they are good Americans, and sensible men enough to know that a partisan city government is deplorable, and they are ready to give time, money, and effort to effect a change. The time is short. The election is at hand. But they remember Brooklyn and Buffalo, and what Brooklyn and Buffalo have done New York can do. In Allan Campbell they have a candidate who peculiarly represents the true principle of city government. His remarks in his letter of acceptance upon the purposes of such government furnish the best possible platform for the movement, while his sturdy character and courage, his intimate knowledge of city affairs, and familiarity with municipal administration, and his long business experience, are the guarantee that the objects sought by his nomination would be certainly obtained by his election. In accepting the nomination, Mr. Campbell said that he hoped the ticket would be completed with fitting names, that the public might see that while success was sought it was sought only in worthy ways by men representing a worthy purpose.

The ticket was completed as Mr. Campbell desired, and a better city ticket has never been presented to the voters. Mr. Butler, the present County Clerk, has proved his peculiar ability in that position, and commands the respect and confidence of the legal profession. Colonel Emmons Clark is an unexceptionable candidate for Sheriff, whom honest citizens will gladly support. Messrs. Scudder and Salomon, for Judges of the Superior Court, are candidates of the highest character, and the Coroners are medical men. It would be difficult to select candidates more thoroughly representative of the desire and the determination to secure an honest and efficient business administration of the city government than those which have been presented by the Citizens' Committee. They are opposed by a ticket which represents the bargain of party factions to secure the plunder of patronage. Tammany Hall selected the candidate of the factions, and it was announced to Tammany that the candidate when elected would divide the patronage equitably among the three factions. The intelligent citizens of New York have now an opportunity of rescuing their local government. The election of the Citizens' ticket would be doubtless the earnest of a charter which should give to the municipal authority the full power which belongs to it. It would also assure the city that the immense official responsibilities which will devolve upon the Mayor during the next year will be discharged with sole regard to the public welfare and the interests of the city, and not for the purpose of dividing patronage and bestowing jobs equitably upon three factions of a party. The recovery of the government of the city of New York by its citizens would not be the least of the good public results that may be anticipated from the election of the autumn.

THE REASON WHY.

Every Republican who has been troubled by the party situation in New York and Pennsylvania knows that the trouble has arisen from the old root of party dissension, official patronage. The power of the patronage grows enormously year by year, and its perils are more and more evident and acknowledged. No more demoralizing or dangerous agency exists in our politics, nothing more surely destroys the significance and perverts the function of parties, and there is no political evil which ought to be more peremptorily arrested. The wisest of our statesmen have warned the country of the danger. In 1829, when the patronage was comparatively inconsiderable, Henry Clay foresaw its tendency, and said, describing the consequences of its abuse: "Congress corrupted, and the press corrupted, general corruption would ensue, until the substance of free government having disappeared, some pretorian band would arise, and with the general concurrence of a distracted people, put an end to useless forms." In 1832, Daniel Webster said: "In my opinion this principle of claiming a monopoly of office by the right of conquest, unless the public shall effectually rebuke and restrain it, will entirely change the character of our government." And John C. Calhoun said, in 1835, "To prepare for the subversion of liberty and the establishment of despotism no scheme more perfect could be devised."

The public mind was never so thoroughly aroused to the abuse and peril as it is now. It is not very long since the use of patronage to procure nominations and to control elections was the accepted practice of party managers, but happily it is now very possible that such an abuse may cost a party its success. Indeed, until this evil is remedied, the whole party system by which free governments are carried on is in danger. For every reason of public morals and of good politics, therefore, the abuse should be checked. This can be done wisely and uniformly only by legislation, and every voter at the coming election should take care that his vote for a Congressional candidate is cast for one that he knows to be heartily in favor of the measures already proposed in Congress for arresting the evil. Many candidates have been nominated mainly, and some exclusively, upon this issue. In Massachusetts Mr. Theodore Lyman, a Republican, and a gentleman of the highest character, ability, and just influence, who served in the war upon the staff of General Meade, has accepted a nomination against the regular Republican candidate, whose position upon the subject is unsatisfactory, and his selection has been ratified by the Democrats, so that he has a fair chance of election. In Wisconsin General F. C. Winkler has been nominated by the Republicans in Milwaukee County. General Winkler is the president of the Civil Service Reform Association in Milwaukee, and the leading Republican journal, the *Republican-Sentinel*, says of him:

> "The Republicans of this district have performed the high duty of attempting to advance the standard of Congressional representation by naming as their candidate a representative of everything that is clean and honest in politics, who has the intellectual force and moral courage to sustain his convictions. The Republicans have not simply 'put up a ticket,' as tickets go—they have made a reform in politics. All the usual considerations of availability were laid aside by the Convention; it was not made a question whether the candidate should be able to draw votes from this class or that class, whether he had a fund for political work, whether he could tickle the prejudices of a faction or do the secret work of a politician, but whether he was esteemed by the community a man of special qualifications; a man of unsullied reputation, above all the petty and personal ambitions of the politician; a man who would be intrusted by his fellow-citizens with matters of moment because of superior integrity and good judgment; a man of convictions and fearless in their defense; in short, a man in all respects fit to represent the best sentiment of a commercial centre."

In a partisan view Colonel Lyman and General Winkler are the kind of Republican candidates whose election, as a guarantee of the sincere reform purpose of the party, would, were such success general, insure a Republican triumph in 1884. It is not by assessing the scrub-women and squeezing the pockets of the messenger boys that the Republican future is to be secured, but by showing that the Republican party is the party of the best purposes of the country. But reform is a patriotic, not a partisan issue. Let every vote for member of Congress be cast for reform by being thrown for the candidate in every district who will most certainly support the reform measures now pending in Congress. There is no distinctive party question so important as this.

THE REPUBLICANS AND THE CITY TICKET.

THE Republican City Convention was composed of the delegates who usually attend it, and it heard a good deal of truth from Colonel GEORGE BLISS. That gentleman asked why the 70,000 Republicans who were not represented in the Convention should ratify the 10,000 who were? To this cogent question Major BULLARD gave an equally cogent answer, because, he said, the 10,000 sent delegates to the State Convention, who decided its action, and if the 70,000 propose to ratify the State nominations, they will, for the same reason, ratify the city nominations.

This argument failed, however, as an argument of expediency, because Major BULLARD doubtless knows that the 70,000 will not, as a body, ratify the State nominations. And it was to the expediency that Colonel BLISS spoke. He thought it would help the State ticket if it were supposed, from the adoption of the Citizens' ticket, that the Republicans of the city really desired honest government, and as a great many of them undoubtedly do desire it, and will therefore support the Citizens' nominations, the vote for a merely "regular" Republican candidate or candidates would be painfully small. The argument, indeed, is conclusive, that if, being in a minority in the city, the Republicans wish to show that they desire a business administration, they will heartily and unitedly support nominations made both by Republicans and Democrats which guarantee that result.

But the Convention decided to take all of the Citizens' nominations except that for County Clerk. For the present efficient and acceptable officer they substituted the name of JOHN J. O'BRIEN. Of course, if this is not an offer, it furnishes an opportunity, of trading. It is a blow aimed at the Citizens' ticket, which recoils upon the Republican party by showing that a majority of the representatives of the 10,000, who, according to Major BULLARD, control the party action, do not care to show that the party desires a clean, non-partisan, business government for the city.

FREE CANALS.

THE opposition to the free canal amendment is said to be strongest in the counties remote from the line of the canals, and to be based upon the feeling that such counties can derive no benefit from the freedom. This was the argument against a general tax for making the canals. But the result relieved the fear. The city of New York, which had paid about one-quarter of the State taxes, was soon assessed for more than half. It is a result in obedience to the apostle's law of the members. The head, the hand, and the foot all prosper together. To hurt one is to harm all. Ex-Governor SEYMOUR has more than once wisely used the argument that business success in the State depends upon the cost of sending its products abroad, and nothing is more injurious to the general welfare than the increase of this cost. But no foreign tariff upon our exports is more hurtful than high charges upon them on their way to market. The canals are the transport routes most necessary to the farmer. Every dollar of tax lifted from the canal commerce adds to the value of farm products, says Mr. SEYMOUR, and lessens their freight charges to market.

The question of free canals is largely one of rivalry between canals and railroads. When the canals freeze, railroad rates rise. When the canals thaw, those rates fall. Should the canals be abandoned, as under the present constitutional conditions may become necessary, winter rates would rule the whole year. The canals are the great regulators of rates. But with the canals destroyed, the railroads would be supreme; and with railroad agents seeking to defeat what may be thought unjust legislative action, the disturbance, the doubts, and the scandals would be enormous and demoralizing. If the railroad interest opposes and succeeds in defeating the freedom of the canals, it would not be long before a greater sum would be paid in increased railroad charges than in taxes to maintain the canals. If it should be said that it is the interest of the roads to moderate charges, the reply is found in the statement of the Central Railroad that it can carry freight to the city of New York as cheaply as it can be taken to Baltimore or Philadelphia, but that if it should do so, it must engage in a railroad war disastrous to its stockholders.

"Canals are not made for the sake of the tolls or taxation which they may draw from the people; on the contrary, they are designed for the common benefit of all parts of the State, and to add to the profits of farmers, mechanics, and other producers, by cutting down the cost of getting their products to the markets of the world." This is a clear and simple statement of the true view of the canals in the State of New York. As ways of fast freightage, they are, of course, superseded. But as regulators of freight charges for three-fourths of the year, they are invaluable. Under the present constitutional provision, if the receipts of the canals should be reduced for a single year below the cost of maintaining them, the Legislature can not vote a dollar to make up the deficiency. This doubtful, if not hostile, provision has naturally lessened the receipts by increasing the risks of enterprise in building and using boats. The Erie Canal is a great inland river. It is as important to New York as any river which the national government improves, to the whole country. Let this great river be as free as the Hudson and the Mississippi, and the whole State will be the gainer.

MAJOR CONSTABLE.

MAJOR ARCHIBALD G. CONSTABLE, son of Sir WALTER SCOTT's friend and publisher, ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, of Edinburgh, died on the 25th of October at his home in Brooklyn. He was sixty-one years of age, having been born at Clapham, near London, in 1821, during the temporary residence of his father in the south of England. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, from which he went to India, and served with distinction in the first Afghanistan campaign. He wandered from India to Australia, South America, and Canada, the nomadic habit of the soldier still clinging to him, and he made nothing of returning to India ten or twelve years ago in charge of the insane Parsee merchant whose case was well known at the time. Major CONSTABLE was in Ohio when the civil war began, and his military ability and experience were in immediate request, calling him to various positions of responsibility. Since the war he has lived in Brooklyn, and for some years he held a position in the office of HARPER & BROTHERS, ending his life in association with the business which has made his father's name noted.

Major CONSTABLE was a Scotch Tory, such as Sir WALTER would have approved. He was, indeed, naturalized in this country, and took some active part in politics, on the Democratic side. But his political action was play, while on all occasions his Tory principles asserted themselves. The Major had the ease and urbanity of manner which mark the military gentleman, and his vivid recollection of Eastern life, with his admirable talent as a *raconteur* and his lively humor, made him a very vivacious and pleasant companion. He could recall Sir WALTER also, and cherished a just pride in the association of his family name with that of the author of *Waverley*. Major CONSTABLE wrote fluently and agreeably, and he was an occasional acceptable contributor to the WEEKLY, and prepared a lucid monograph upon the Afghanistan war for the "Half-hour Series," maintaining the British view.

Of a fine military presence and address, his genial sympathy won for him a ready welcome. But it was a pathetic fate that had thrown the old soldier so far away from his native land without that reward of success and prosperity which sweetens and ameliorates such exile. He called himself a cosmopolitan, and his wide travel justified the word. But, for all that, he was still a Scotchman, and not without the melancholy which lies at the heart of the Scotch nature. The daily business associates of Major CONSTABLE will not forget his courtesy and his faithful friendship. When his death was announced they assembled and adopted resolutions of sorrow and sympathy eloquent with sincere feeling. They will long miss the hearty greeting of the frank and generous gentleman. They will always remember with sad tenderness the "much-wandering" soldier who as a child had sat upon Sir WALTER's knee, and was prouder of nothing than that he was Sir WALTER's countryman.

THE BROOKLYN EXPERIMENT.

THE whole country must watch with keen interest the experiment in municipal government now going on in Brooklyn—the whole country, and not the large cities only, because the principle which underlies the Brooklyn system is capable of application to many branches of our civil administration other than the municipal. It is, in brief, the principle of concentrating at once power and responsibility. It is essentially the same that was adopted partially in the more recent amendments to the Constitution of the State of New York. Sooner or later—and, in the present temper of the public, rather sooner than later—this principle is likely to be very considerably extended. The experiment in Brooklyn is therefore worthy of the closest examination.

A year ago Mr. SETH LOW was elected Mayor of Brooklyn, under a statute which placed in his hands the absolute power to appoint the head of each of the departments of the city government, except the Comptroller and Auditor, who continued to be chosen by the voters. This power embraced the departments of Police, of Fire, of Excise, of Public Works, of the Collection and Assessment of Taxes, and—though this department remained in charge of a board—the public schools. It was a bold step. No such discretion had ever before been lodged in the hands of a single municipal officer in this country. The election of Mr. LOW in itself must be regarded as the first effect of the adoption of the system, for he was literally forced upon the Republican party, which had already nominated a strong and able man, but which could not resist the citizens' movement that was called out by the exceptional opportunity offered, for once, to accomplish a definite end by direct means. It was the fact that the Mayor would control the affairs of the city which made it possible to elect so good a one. Mr. LOW entered on his office with the utmost fidelity to the principle on which he had been chosen. He went beyond the letter of the law. He obtained from every man whom he named to a responsible position a promise to surrender it whenever the Mayor should require it, and this fact was made public. He thus became solely accountable before the community for the general management of each department. He ignored partisanship in making his appointments, and selected Democrats in sympathy with the new system for several important posts, and he exacted a pledge from the head of each department that none of his powers should be used directly or indirectly for political purposes.

Of the specific results of this policy in the city administration it is as yet too soon to speak; but of the effect upon public opinion there is the most interesting evidence. This year the Comptroller and Auditor of the city are to be chosen. They are the only officers not appointed by the Mayor. Together with the Mayor they have the choice of the Trustees of the Brooklyn Bridge. When the Republican City Convention met to nominate to these offices, it not only chose men who are known to be in entire harmony with the Mayor, but it passed a resolution requiring its nominees, if elected, to so act in the joint appointments that the Mayor and the Mayor alone should be responsible. This is, we believe, a most remarkable incident in municipal politics. It presents the spectacle of a party Convention abandoning all claims on patronage, and voluntarily doing all in its power to strengthen the hands of an Executive who is openly opposed to the use of patronage in any form in politics. It is the most complete approval that the Mayor could hope to win. It is also a proof that when patronage is banished from politics, the best men in the Republican party can be relied on to come up and do their full share of political work. We commend these facts to those who think, or say, that a great party can only be kept alive by the efforts of men paid from the public treasury to perform that desperate function.

EXPENSES OF THE CITIZENS' MOVEMENT.

THE candidates for Judges in the city of New York, no less than other candidates, have been always heavily assessed by party committees for the expenses of election, and eight or ten thousand dollars have been sometimes paid by judicial candidates in response to such demands. Of course such a practice is robbery. It is a virtual sale of justice and of office, and a premium upon official servility and incompetency. The candidate who is willing to pay the highest price in the form of a "voluntary contribution" will generally receive the nomination.

The Citizens' Committee propose the abolition of this infamous abuse. They have declared unanimously that the practice of levying such assessments has become a public scandal calculated to impair the efficiency and independence of the judiciary and the public service, and resolved that no such tax or contribution should be levied upon the Citizens' candidates. The movement will rely, as every party should rely, upon the perfectly free contributions of those who are interested in its success. Mr. JACOB H. SCHIFF, of No. 31 Nassau Street, is treasurer, and all contributions may be sent to him, or to any other member of the Finance Committee.

PERSONAL.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON tells an interviewer that since she left here in 1873 her whole artistic being has undergone a change. "I have," she says, "become more of an actress, without, I hope, ceasing to be a singer. But the older I grow, the more pleasure I feel in swaying an audience by effects produced entirely by my acting.... My wish is to retire from the stage in three years, and establish a home in London. I am tired of work, of standing before the public to be applauded or criticised. I am tired of the strong light of a public life, and want to retire; not to give up music, but to do, for my own pleasure and for charity, what I have done so far for money.... If Mr. ABBEY does not see his way clear to giving opera this year, I may stay here all next summer, and then sing in opera next winter, if your new Opera-house is done, or perhaps at the Academy of Music.... I shall never have the courage to cross the ocean again."

—Mrs. RAWLINS, of Guilford, Illinois, aged eighty-two, mother of the lamented General JOHN A. RAWLINS, formerly Secretary of War, has just finished a beautiful patchwork quilt containing 4894 pieces. She does the finest sewing with remarkable dexterity, and takes pride in showing the specimens of her skill.

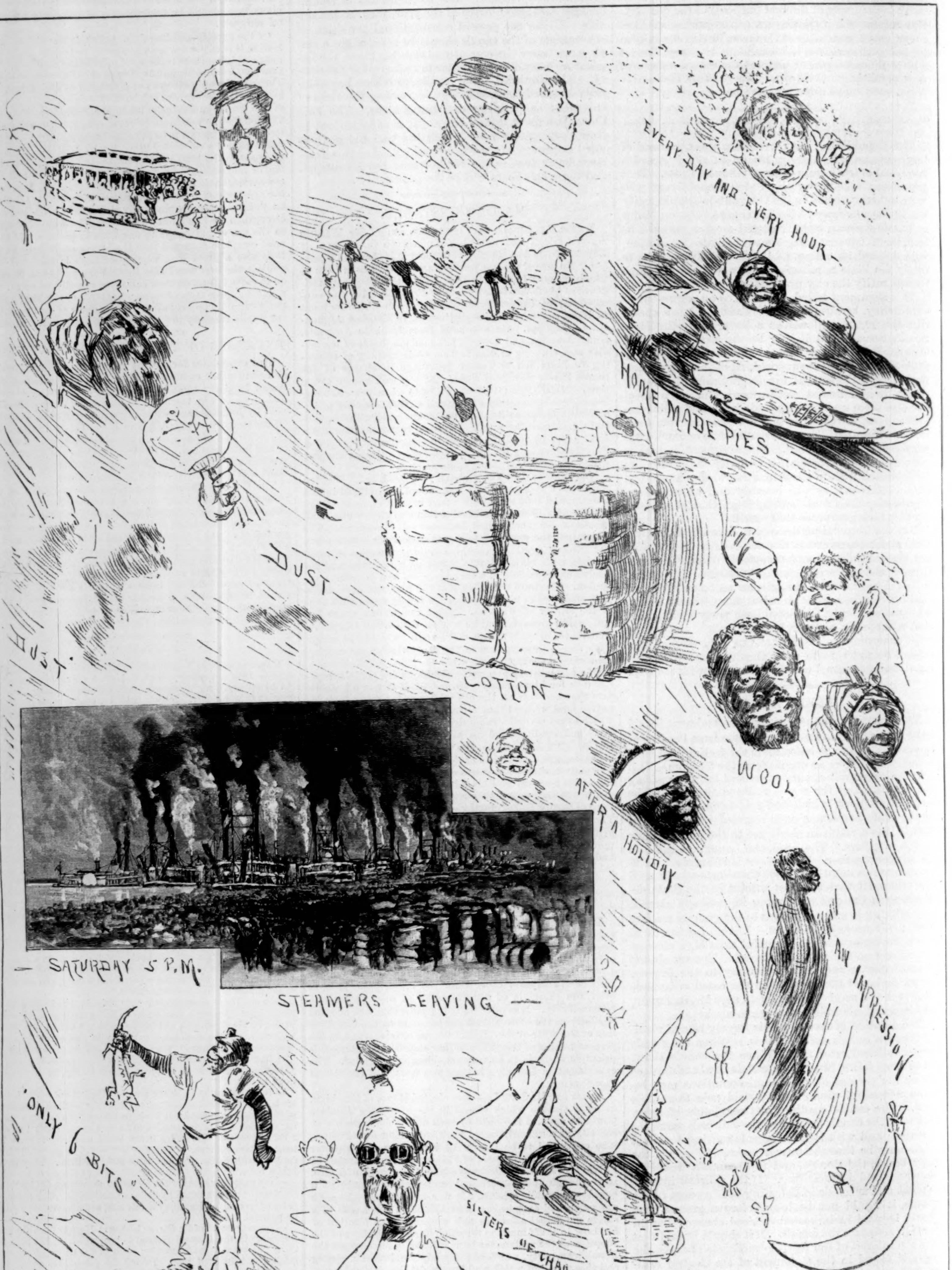
—Like most men who have accumulated large fortunes, ex-Governor MORGAN's start in life was on the most unpretending scale. At the age of seventeen he entered the wholesale and retail grocery store of his uncle at Hartford at a salary, for the first year, of $40 and board, the second year, $60, and the fourth, $190. The work was pretty hard, and the pay too small, thought EDWIN D.; so he had a talk with the uncle, which resulted in a promise of partnership the next year, with one-third of the profits. This was carried out. He became a partner at twenty, and his share of the profits the first year was $2000.

—Baron WILLY ROTHSCHILD is very strict in the observances of his religion. During a recent tour in Switzerland he was accompanied by his ritual cook and butcher, and ten devout persons of his own faith, who went solely to pray with him, as, according to Mosaic law, a congregation must consist of at least ten worshippers. The Baron can afford his peripatetic devotions, as his income last year was returned at $1,187,500; that is to say, he trimmed it down to that.

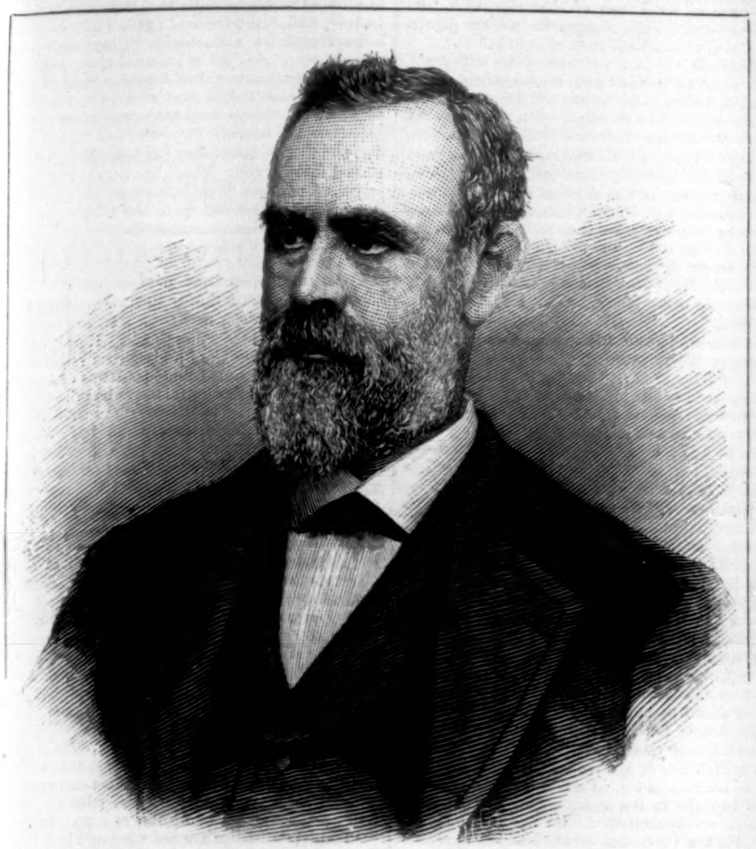
—Judge JEREMIAH S. BLACK occasionally, but not often, leaves his large professional avocations to join in the political movements of his townsmen. Lately, at York, on taking the chair at a meeting, he said: "I hardly intended to be here to-night, but I saw in a little newspaper that Judge BLACK would now have to show his hand in this campaign. There they are"—and he gracefully held forward both hands. "There is no stain on them. They never held a bribe."

—The necessary sum for the GARFIELD monument ($10,000) at Cincinnati has been raised by dollar subscriptions. The statue is to be of bronze, full length, of heroic size, and mounted on a granite pedestal.

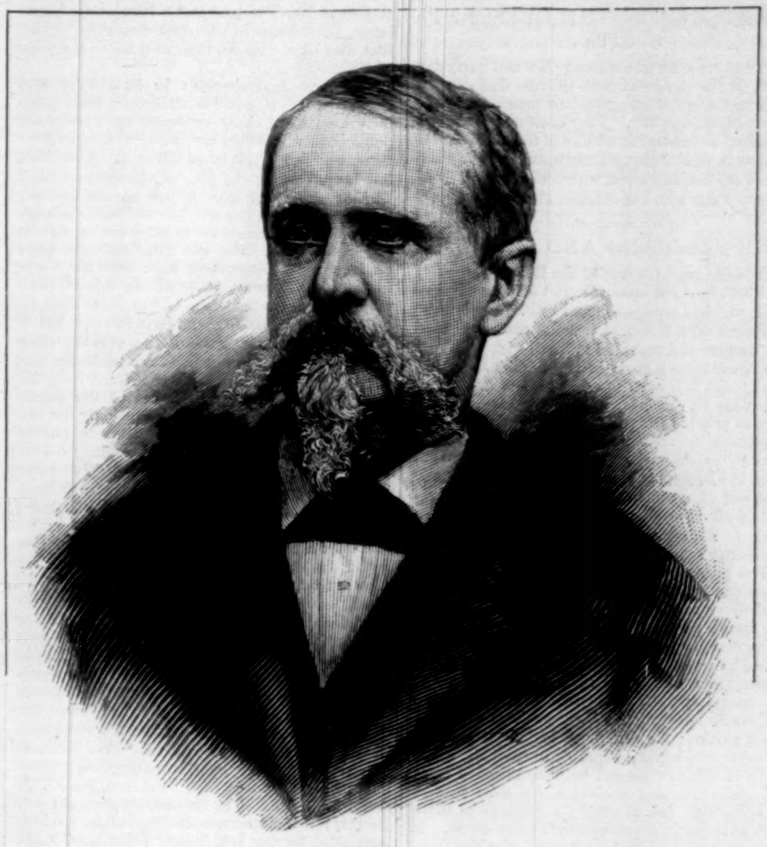
—The retirement of Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES from the professorship in the Harvard Medical School which he has held for thirty-five years is an interesting event in the career of a distinguished and honored man. During the generation which has placed him among the foremost of our men of letters, Dr. HOLMES has been devoted also to scientific study, and the brilliancy of his wit and the tender glow of his poetic genius have but enhanced the value of his professional teaching. The Professor, the Autocrat, and the Poet have been interchangeable, and his latest published lecture to his classes is as notable for various and accurate and unusual learning as it is for crisp and charming literary skill. It is no less full of delight and instruction for the general reader than of historic value to the professional student. It is pleasant to know that Dr. HOLMES resigns only that he may devote himself more exclusively to literary occupations. The Professor who has taught the Medical School withdraws in favor of the Professor who has charmed all the world.


EVERY DAY AND EVERY HOUR—
HOME MADE PIES
DUST
DUST
DUST
COTTON—
WOOL
AFTER A HOLIDAY—
AN IMPRESSION
—SATURDAY 5 P.M.
STEAMERS LEAVING—
"ONLY 6 BITS"
SISTERS OF CHARITY

SKETCHES IN THE CRESCENT CITY.—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.—[See Page 694.]



HENRY J. SCUDDER, FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.—Photographed by Kurtz.



EMMONS CLARK, FOR SHERIFF.—Photographed by Fredricks.

THE CITIZENS' TICKET.

The leading nominees of the Citizens' Committee to be voted for on November 7 are men well known to the people of New York city. Mr. Allan Campbell, candidate for Mayor, whose nomination has been heartily indorsed by the Republicans, is at present Comptroller, and has been for two years past. He is a native of Albany, and is about sixty-seven years of age. He has always acted with the Democratic party, but held no political office until, in January, 1874, he was nominated by Mayor Wickham to succeed General Fitz-John Porter as Commissioner of Public Works—an office which he filled with signal ability. Mr. Campbell was educated to be a civil engineer, and so great was his proficiency that he became chief engineer of a railroad at the age of twenty-one. He was employed on the Ithaca and Oswego Railroad, and then on the Erie Canal, and subsequently on the Ohio River improvements. In 1850 he accepted a tempting offer from the Chilian government, and went to Chili. There he built the first railroad that was ever run in South America. In 1856 he returned to this city, and became Chief Engineer and then President of the New York and Harlem Railroad, and he held the Presidency of that corporation six years. In the war of the rebellion Mr. Campbell was made engineer of the harbor defenses constructed for the protection of this port. He was also connected with Commodore Vanderbilt in the Harlem Railroad improvement, and as superintendent of that work added fresh laurels to his already enviable reputation as a civil engineer; and when the promoters of the lines of railroad across the continent were casting about for men of high rank in his profession, Mr. Campbell was made chief engineer in the construction of the Pacific Railroad. At the time of his nomination as Commissioner of Public Works he was President of the Consolidated Coal Company of Maryland—an office which he had held for several years.

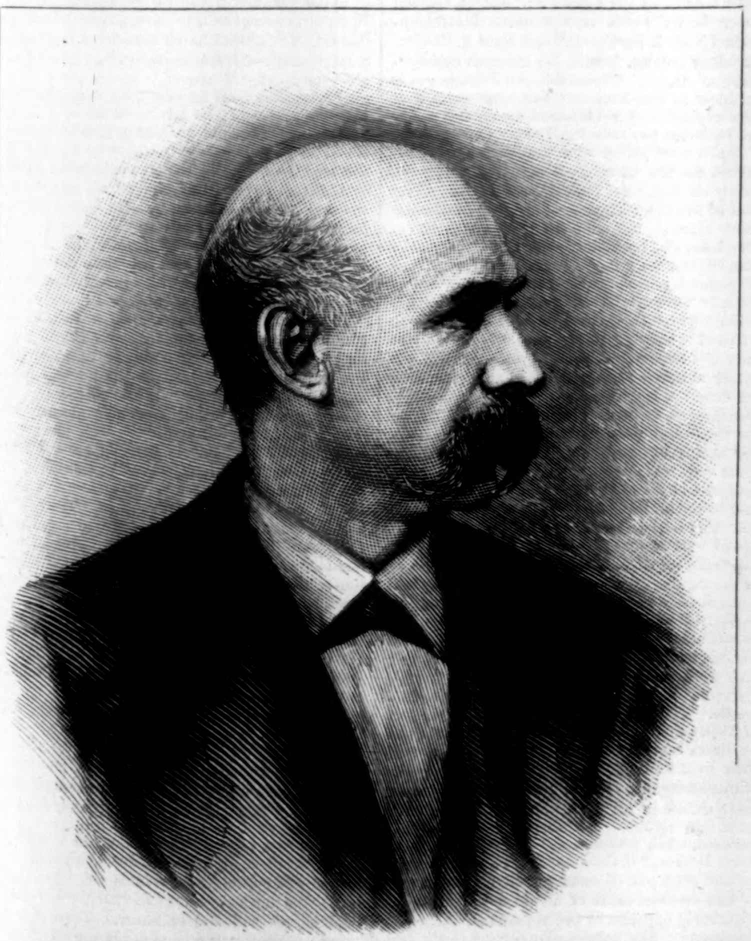
Mr. William A. Butler, who is renominated for County Clerk, is an anti-Tammany man of the most pronounced stamp, having run against John Kelly's candidate in 1879, and defeated him. He is nearly fifty years of age, and was a wealthy man before he became an office-holder. His fortune was made in the plumbing business, in which he started many years ago in the Seventeenth Ward. From there he moved to the Nineteenth Ward, where he quickly gained business and the esteem of his neighbors. When the Manufacturers and Builders' Bank burst, several years ago, his appointment as its receiver was procured by the persons interested in it, and his administration of that trust has been successful in every respect.

Colonel Emmons Clark, the nominee for Sheriff, is a man of excellent character and splendid public record. He is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and was born in Portbay, now the town of Huron, Wayne County, New York, on October 14, 1828. He was educated at Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, where he was graduated in 1847. He came to New York in 1849, and was engaged in mercantile pursuits until the establishment of the Health Department in March, 1866, when he was elected Secretary of the department, a position he has held to the present time. He has been Colonel of the Seventh Regiment for eighteen years.

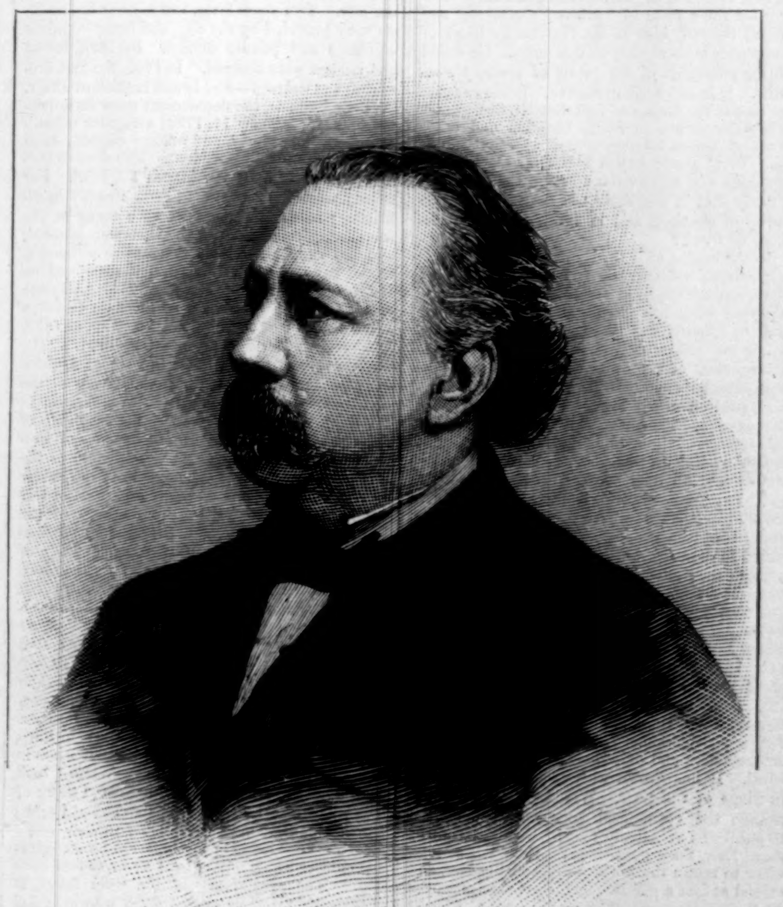
Hon. Henry J. Scudder, candidate for Judgeship of the Superior Court, was born at Northport, Suffolk County, Long Island, September 18, 1825. He was graduated with honor from Trinity College, Hartford, in 1846, and in 1854 formed a co-partnership for the practice of law with Mr. James C. Carter, with whom he has since been associated. Mr. Scudder rendered active service in the Free-soil movement and in the Lincoln campaigns. Throughout the war he contributed largely from his time and means toward the preservation of the Union. He took a prominent part in the City Reform movement of 1870. In 1872 he was elected as the Representative in Congress of the First Congressional District of this State. In Congress the influence of his character and talents was felt and acknowledged.

Hon. Edward Salomon, another candidate for the Judgeship of the Superior Court, is a German by birth, his native place being near the city of Halberstadt, Prussia. He was educated at the College of Halberstadt and the University of Berlin. He came to this country in 1849, and was admitted to the bar of Wisconsin in 1855, practicing in the city of Milwaukee. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Wisconsin in 1861, and upon the death of Governor Hardy, in 1862, became Governor, which office he administered until the expiration of the term in 1864. He came to New York in 1869, where he has since practiced law.

One of the nominees for Coroner—Edward McCue—is a lawyer, and two—Emil W. Hoeber and John H. Demarest—are physicians, the latter of the Homœopathic school. Mr. McCue is at present the Clerk of the Special Term of the Supreme Court, which place he has occupied under several County Clerks.



WILLIAM A. BUTLER, FOR COUNTY CLERK.—Photographed by Fredricks.



EDWARD SALOMON, FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.

SKETCHES IN THE CRESCENT CITY.

It was after an uncommonly hot and dusty day spent in the streets of New Orleans that our artist jotted down the impressions presented in the sketches on page 692. They must not, therefore, be taken as conveying an idea of the usual aspect of that beautiful city, although some of the characters are familiar types, which will be recognized by every one who has strolled along its levees.

REPUBLICANS AND VICTORY.

It is the good fortune of the Republican party that it is founded upon the true democratic principle, and has always adhered to it. It has little to repent of, a thousand benefits conferred upon the country and mankind to recall with pride. It has never been a party in any limited sense, but has always lain open to every project of reform. It is rather a gathering of the people at each election to provide for their own protection and improvement, and to ward off the dangers that come from the reactionaries and the fanatical, and hence from the beginning it has drawn in many of the best and wisest members of the Democratic party and of all other parties, and at every election appeals to the intelligence of the people and their instinctive sense of their own interest and rights.

The present election includes the decision of questions national, State, municipal. In national affairs it may have an important influence upon the future policy of the whole country. It may bring war or peace, may disturb or confirm the financial progress of the nation, it may lead to consequences far more serious than appear to the casual eye. It is not true that there is no difference between the Democratic and Republican parties; the difference is radical and immutable, and hence it is proper to study the whole truth of this new contest between them, to learn the characters and motives of the chief leaders on either side, and to avoid the guidance of those who have justly deserved suspicion or doubt. It is an instructive fact, for example, that the Democratic platform was drawn up and read to the so-called Democratic Convention by General Pryor, one of those unhappy men who first opened the fire of the rebel batteries on Fort Sumter. This circumstance alone is sufficient to set every honest man, Democrat or Republican, on his guard against that peculiar document. So the fact that Mr. Kelly and Tammany Hall led to the selection of Mr. Cleveland as the Democratic candidate for Governor is highly instructive. Had General Slocum been chosen, the prospect of a Democratic victory would not have been so alarming. But with the extreme elements of the Democratic party in power in New York or at Washington, it is not possible to foresee what dangerous consequences may follow. Under Republican guidance the country has been safe, peaceful, prosperous; under the guidance of Messrs. Pryor, Kelly, and Cleveland, it would scarcely remain so long.

The Democratic platform, composed under such auspices, naturally assails the Republican administration with its old bitterness. It charges extravagance, waste, robbery. But such charges come with no good grace from Tammany Hall. The citizens of New York could almost smile at its effrontery, except for the burdens it has laid upon them. And they will refuse to place the control of the State or national finances in the hands of men who have so mismanaged the affairs of their unlucky city. In the absence of material for criticism the Democratic platform is resolute for the reform of "primary elections," and almost the only idea in Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance is his anxiety on this point. He would be the champion of the purity of primary elections. It is an excellent resolve. But here again we look to the facts, and find that Mr. Cleveland's fellow-Democrats in South Carolina and other Southern States scarcely permit any elections at all. Their armed bands break up independent meetings and scatter the voters. Can we trust a party that in one State professes zeal for the purity of elections and in another rules by violence or fraud?

In the choice of a Governor and State officers our citizens will necessarily feel a deep interest. Here, too, the question seems a very simple one. Are they willing to extend the rule of Tammany Hall to Albany, and place in its untrustworthy hands the affairs of the whole State? In the management of the State the Republicans have been singularly successful. They have used economy, paid off nearly all the State debt, reduced the taxation. They have shown themselves faithful servants of the public. It is now proposed by Tammany Hall to remove these careful administrators, and fill their places with its own followers. But Tammany Hall is a narrow club of active office-seekers who have lived always upon the plunder of the people. The New York *Times* stated in January, 1878, that sixty-one members —more than one-half—of the governing organization of Tammany Hall held lucrative offices. The *Times* gave the average of their salaries as $5000. Besides these were the higher judicial offices and a great number of clerkships.* The year 1878 was one of intense depression and poverty in the city, yet the Tammany officials still held fast to their great salaries, and Messrs. Kelly, Dunlap, and others joined to prevent any reduction. The avarice of this club of office-seekers and office-holders has never diminished. It has grown with what it fed on—the earnings of the poor. Would it be well to exchange the economical administration of the Republicans at Albany for the wasteful rule of these New York politicians? Would it not be wiser to retain the faithful servants in office, and extend at last a genuine civil service reform over all the departments of city and State? Should they elect Mr. Cleveland and a Democratic Legislature, our friends in the rural districts will find that they have fixed on their own necks the yoke of Tammany Hall.

The municipal elections in New York and Brooklyn are of unusual interest. Both cities have long been badly governed by Democratic politicians. Brooklyn has begun a successful reform, and New York must follow it. New York has been so long the prey of office-seekers and foreign politicians that it has almost lost the power of self-defense. Its wealthier citizens have suffered themselves to be shorn at will by the depredators. But the chief sufferers from its indifferent government have been the working classes. Twenty years of the rule of Tammany Hall have made the city of New York no comfortable home for honest industry. Yet it is to secure the welfare of the working class that Republican governments are instituted and municipalities are formed. Cities are built for all the people. In the theories of the Democratic office-seekers they are meant only for the very rich and the very poor, and hence they cover the industrious with debts and taxes, they cut off their comforts and almost their lives. The water supply is imperfect, the side streets are seldom cleaned, unhealthy odors fill the air, and the death rate is unusually high.

Under a Republican or popular rule all this would change. We should have a civil service reform that would deprive Tammany Hall of its chief source of power; we should spend the great revenues of the city for the benefit of all. After so many years of indifferent or intolerable government in the name of the Democracy, it would seem that our citizens might well wish for something new. Let them dethrone the office-seekers of Tammany Hall, and govern themselves. Nothing would be easier than to effect this revolution if the people can be taught their own interests and power. A few public meetings—a succession of them—would soon awaken a general interest in politics. The Republican party is ready for this reform; the Democratic has been too long controlled by the reactionary politicians, North and South, to give any hope of amendment. The methods of Tammany Hall must be laid aside before the citizens of New York can be set free.

To this labor the people must devote their time and all their energy. Republican principle can easily control the State, nation, city. In Republican hands knowledge, education, popular equality, the State, city, nation, are safe. In the hands of the reactionary Democracy they would be always in peril. Once more let Republicans move on united to victory. Eugene Lawrence.

VOLUNTEER FIREMEN.

The Volunteer Fire Department is one of the by-gone institutions that are dear to the memory of old New-Yorkers. A large number of its foremost members are still in the land of the living, honored for their past services and their personal merits. To those, and to thousands of citizens who admire heroism and self-sacrifice, *The Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York*, just published by Harper & Brothers, will be a work of absorbing interest. The author rapidly sketches the rise of a fire department, the first official movement being the appointment, in 1648, of four fire-wardens, whose chief duties were to see that the chimneys of the embryo city were properly swept. The earliest ordinance for the prevention of fires was enacted in 1656, when there were but 120 houses and 1000 inhabitants in the city. Two years later, 150 leather fire-buckets were provided by the city, and hung in public buildings and private houses. In 1683, hooks and ladders were ordered. In 1731, the first fire-engine was ordered—a rude and inefficient affair. So, little by little, the department grew in importance, until (January 17, 1792) a regular organization was completed, and officers elected, John Stagg being the first president. The department was incorporated by law March 20, 1798. For twenty years the department grew steadily in efficiency; among its members were many of the foremost citizens; political questions were ignored, and the runners of later times were unknown. Grand parades of the department were had on Independence-days, on the arrival of Lafayette in 1824, on the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825, in honor of the French Revolution of 1830, at President Harrison's funeral in 1841, at the introduction of Croton water in 1842, at Andrew Jackson's funeral in 1845, at the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to Washington in Hamilton Square in 1847, to escort the body of John Quincy Adams in 1848, in memory of President Taylor in 1850, on the completion of the first Atlantic cable in 1858, in honor of the Prince of Wales in 1860, and on many occasions of less public importance. Except the heroes of the Revolution, now gone, and the scarred soldiers who fought to preserve the Union, no body of men ever paraded in New York who were so much the pride of the people as the real members (not hangers-on) of the old Fire Department. A veteran fireman, but now for many years an officer of an insurance company, says: "I think that firemen are born—born first, and developed afterward. It was the very energy displayed in their subsequent careers that sent so many men now prominent as merchants and financiers into the Fire Department. To be a fireman a man must know how to be unconscious of himself while in the most perilous circumstances. When I look back upon my experience as a fireman, I think of it in this wise: I was of use as a citizen, I made friendships that have never been broken, and I gained a knowledge of my business as an insurance officer which otherwise I never should have had." The appearance of the "old boys" is graphically given by one of them who attended the funeral of John S. Giles, the life-long treasurer of the Firemen's Benevolent Fund, who died two years ago: "His funeral brought together an audience of aged men of character, with true Yankee faces, solid, respectable-looking gentlemen, men of mind and men of muscle."

The book is crammed with anecdotes of firemen, and their adventures and reminiscences. The character of one old fireman, still living and widely known, is thus sketched by a compeer: "I think that Zophar Mills was, without exception, the model fireman. He was intrepid, daring, and his coolness and judgment never forsook him. Where the smoke was thickest and the fire hottest, there he was. I don't believe there has been a fire in forty-five years that he has not been to. Even now he is like the old war-horse—as soon as he smells the battle, he is off to it. He is the fire-king. He is the cap-sheaf. As the boys say, 'he takes the rag off the bush.' He is a wonderful man."

Of course there must have been a woman somewhere in the department. She was originally a slave of John Aymar, the last of the New-Yorkers to appear in public in knee-breeches. Molly, the stalwart negress, used to say: "I b'longs to ole Elevin; I allers runs wid dat ole bullgine;" and once, in a fierce snow-storm, Molly was on the ropes, pulling with the best of the men. The book gives the various acts of the Common Council touching the Fire Department, shows by illustrations improvement in engines, down to the appearance of steam as the working power. Very naturally the old boys looked with disfavor upon this innovation, and clung tenaciously to their drag-ropes and brakes. Steam fire-engines were at work in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Cincinnati before reaching New York. Although not openly taking partisan action, it was well enough understood for years before this period that no citizen who desired political preferment could afford to encounter the hostility or the indifference of the Fire Department. It was the knowledge of this fact that kept steam fire-engines back five or six years. But the inevitable could not be avoided. Certain insurance companies brought in the steam-engine, and its work was its recommendation. On the 8th of February, 1855, a Cincinnati steam-machine appeared in our City Hall Park, and against it was pitted the Exempt Company with hand-engine No. 42, known as the "Old Hay-wagon." The steamer was beaten in distance throwing, but the staying power of steam at last conquered, and the rope and brake engines were sold to other towns, or laid up to rot.

After a brief history of "Water Supply," comes "The Fireman's Pride in his Profession," with portraits and reminiscences of famous volunteers; then a chapter on "Discipline," and one on "Refreshments" (entertainments). A valuable portion of the book is a brief account of the more important fires, from the Negro Plot in 1741 to the disbanding of the volunteer department, giving interesting incidents, acts of bravery, and losses of life. The origin and progress of the Benevolent Fund, and the once-famous annual balls of the department, are given, followed by a history of the Association of Exempt Firemen. This association was organized on the day of Harrison's funeral, October 13, 1842. Uzziah Neumann was the first president; second, Samuel B. Warner; third, Adam W. Turnbull; fourth, Philip W. Engs; fifth (now in office), Zophar Mills. The association still has over six hundred members.

Of course the volunteer fireman was in the front rank in the late war, standing bravely for the Union. Among the first regiments to leave this city was the Eleventh New York Volunteers, better known as the First Fire Zouaves, Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Noah L. Farnham, Major John A. Cregier, and other notable firemen for captains and lieutenants. Colonel Ellsworth's early death was a sad blow to the Zouaves; but after their first term expired they volunteered again, and a second regiment was raised in 1862. Though some of them were pretty wild and reckless of discipline, no one ever questioned the courage or loyalty of the New York Fire Zouaves. Brief lives of the Chief Engineers are given, including Harry Howard, the only one living; lists of engine, hose, and hook-and-ladder companies, and a long chapter on "Representative Firemen," full of piquant personal anecdotes. Of the much-abused "Volunteer" (not volunteer members) the writer says: "To almost every fire-company was attached a body of young men, generally under the age of twenty-one, known as volunteers or volunteer aids, who, being desirous of performing fire duty, but legally ineligible to election as regular firemen, or perhaps disinclined to submit to the responsibilities of regular membership, took this means of gratifying their wishes. Sometimes they were more numerous than the members, and in the older days were regularly organized by themselves into companies, with foremen and other officers, under rules, calling the roll at fires, imposing fines for neglect of duty, and occasionally wearing fire-caps contrary to law. Some of the regular fire-companies would keep certain applicants on the volunteer lists, as a sort of probation. Black Joke Engine, No. 33, was assisted by volunteers who wore tarpaulin hats with black ribbons having '33' on the ends. These young men were conspicuous in the parade to receive Lafayette, and in recognition of the French Republic. They slept on the bare floors of the loft of Thirty-three's house, in Henry Street, and when an alarm came they went down the ladder, as if their lives were at stake." The volunteers constituted a company within a company, and served their elders in all sorts of capacities with the most self-sacrificing enthusiasm. "I felt myself honored, when a volunteer," said Chief Engineer John Decker, "if Company No. 14 would let me go and get a pail of water for the engine-house."

The establishment of a paid department was vigorously opposed by the volunteers, but it was inevitable. The enlargement of the city's area and the vast number of buildings required the services of men who could give their whole time to duty, while the advent of steam had rendered large companies unnecessary. There was too much party-work done by loungers about engine-houses, and too many such loungers were of the dangerous class. The best men in the service saw that the change must come, and when opposition could do no more, they came into the new order, and the Volunteer Fire Department (in 1865) passed into history. There are nearly fifty portraits of eminent firemen, pictures of engines, fires, and notable buildings in the volume.

THE LAFAYETTE PLAN.

That the Sophomores of Lafayette College should have given a dinner to the Freshmen instead of hazing them may seem a trifling matter to careless and unreflecting people. It may, however, be the beginning of a disastrous revolution in one of the most time-honored customs of American colleges, and thoughtful men who prize whatever has a tendency to develop the manhood of American under-graduates can not but view it with alarm.

It can not be denied that of late athletic and manly sports have to some extent lost their attraction for under-graduates, and have been regarded with increasing disfavor by respectable fathers of families. The breaking up of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association, which at one time drew together crews from a dozen colleges, materially interfered with the athletic sports of betting on races and making night hideous with rioting and drunkenness on the eve of the annual regatta. Foot-ball, once a simple though somewhat boisterous game, has gradually been improved, until a foot-ball contest is simply a fight in which one player endeavors to run away with the ball while the others engage in the delightful sport of knocking one another down. No right-minded man could think of the noses that bleed and the shirts that are torn in a foot-ball match without perceiving that the game must develop an immense amount of manliness among under-graduates; but there are not wanting signs that foot-ball is losing its popularity, and that before very long it will become a lost art. Hazing has for years maintained its position as the noblest of under-graduate sports in nearly every college in the country, but now the Lafayette Sophomores have actually preferred to dine rather than to haze the Freshmen. If this pernicious example is followed by the Sophomores of other colleges, there will be no such thing as under-graduate manliness to be found.

That hazing is admirably adapted to develop the manly qualities of both the hazers and the hazed there can be no question. When ten or a dozen young men seize upon a solitary Freshman and proceed to put him to such forms of torture as their ingenuity can suggest, they show that they are not afraid of him. Indeed, so clearly do they prove their fearlessness that in most cases it would be safe to say that did the hazers number twenty or even thirty athletic Sophomores, they would still have no fear of these solitary Freshmen. It is such a thoroughly brave thing for ten men to torture one that the process can not fail to develop all that is manly and chivalrous in the hazers, and in this respect it is perhaps of even more educational value than cruelty to animals or to women would be.

The benefit which the Freshman gains from hazing is almost as great as that which the Sophomore gains. Ordinarily the Freshman is little more than a boy, and he is very frequently addicted to the weakness of feeling homesick and lonely. The hearty reception into the mysteries of college life which is given him by the hazers must have a most excellent influence in making him happy and contented. Moreover, it clears away whatever misconceptions he may have entertained as to college life. If he has been led to suppose that college students are young gentlemen who spend their time in study, and who are full of the sweetness and light that ought to be inseparable from culture, he is taught his mistake by the first visit of the hazers. He finds that the so-called young gentlemen are indistinguishable from drunken, brutal ruffians, and he at once comprehends that the real American college resembles the ideal college of his imagination about as much as it does a young ladies' seminary.

In exchange for a practice so beneficial to all concerned what have the Lafayette Sophomores to offer? Nothing but a dinner at which the Freshmen are entertained as the guests of the Sophomores. In the place of the old manly sport of hazing, the enervating ceremony of dinner, conducted as if none but gentlemen were present, is substituted. And this is not all; for when we think of what the Lafayette dinner implies, we can not but feel that a terrible blow has been struck at under-graduate manliness. The Sophomores of Lafayette have evidently decided that Freshmen should be treated with kindness and consideration, that they should be welcomed to the college by the older students, and that they should receive counsel and assistance instead of insult and outrage. It may be doing the Lafayette Sophomores an injustice to suggest that they are very possibly capable of making the Freshmen regard them as friends rather than enemies; but if so, it is the conduct of the Sophomores themselves that has exposed them to this degrading suspicion.

If the revolting practice of treating Freshmen courteously extends to other colleges, manliness will soon become a mere tradition among under-graduates. Sophomores will bear, and, what is worse, will deserve, the name of gentlemen, and the romantic folly which protects the weak will usurp the place of the manliness which ridicules, insults, and oppresses the defenseless. And there is only too much reason to fear that the Lafayette Sophomores will find imitators. There are in every college young men who are too effeminate to comprehend the pleasures and benefits of hazing, and these will lend their influence to the adoption of the Lafayette plan. College faculties, and nearly all respectable people outside of colleges, will doubtless lend their influence to the same end; and the day may be near at hand when hazing will become as obsolete in colleges as keelhauling is in every civilized navy.

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* Of the active members of its General Committee—about 500—282 held offices, or almost two-thirds.

QUAIL-SHOOTING.

Some time in the future, it may be sooner or later, when the now savage native of the interior of Africa shall have come under the influence of what we are pleased to call civilization, and beneficent syndicates have furnished him with elaborate systems of transportation, he may equip himself with the tickets of some enterprising Ethiopian Cook, and proceed upon a grand tour of travel. It can not be doubted that he will include this country in his route. A close observer and searcher after the useful, he will note the total absence of bird-life in our land. He will interrogate his guide on the subject, who will lead him to the obscure corner of some museum, where, at his leisure, he can study the birds of the country, as shown in a few dust-covered, moth-eaten specimens. Among these he may find the quail, once found in great plenty, but now unknown and extinct through the stupidity of the legislation and the license of the citizens of a so-called free government. The Ethiopian will ponder upon these facts, and congratulate himself that his more intelligent treatment and loyal care of the feathered race have preserved it for him in all its pristine abundance.

The causes of and the remedy for this rapid annihilation of our birds have been so often and clearly shown that they need not be repeated here. Within a brief period a new factor has arisen, and one destined to still further accelerate the total destruction of the quail and all other game birds. We allude to the introduction and perfection of the refrigerating process as applied to railway cars and steamers. This makes all parts of the continent tributary to the markets in the supplies of game. There are localities where quail are still found in profusion in sparsely populated districts of the West and Southwest. Here refrigerating dépôts will be established, where, no matter how unpropitious the climate, gunners may in safety deposit the victims of their skill while awaiting their final transportation by the new process to the great distributing centres. With no check upon the greed of professional hunters, it will not be long before even the most promising territory will be denuded of its game, nor can it ever be replenished by natural processes of reproduction. Apostles of the bustling spirit of enterprise will endeavor to show that the new methods of safely transporting from great distances dead game will put that article of food within the reach of people of small means; on the contrary, the price will be kept at a point, by the power of absolute control of the supply, which shall place it beyond the reach of all but the exceptionally rich.

Of late an effort has been made to introduce into this country the migratory quail. Bevies of these, trapped in Italy and the south of France while resting in their flight from Africa to Northern Europe, have been brought to this country and set free. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to speak with certainty of the results. Should it prove a success, it is possible sportsmen of the future may reap the benefit. In the light of the experience of those interested in our migratory wild fowl the outlook is not a very brilliant one.

In writing of the quail it is necessary to designate the five or six species of that bird found in as many different sections of the country, the habits of each varying as to locality. As all which is bizarre in our land is found at the West and on the Pacific slope, the California quail merits the first attention. This bird differs from his Eastern and Southern prototype insomuch as his head is adorned with his slender plumes, which in the male bird attain a length of about four inches. As a bevy of them scuttle through the grass this adornment adds to their movement a peculiar grace and beauty. This species is the largest of its kind, a full-grown specimen having a length of twelve inches from end to end. It is found in the greatest profusion in California and Western Oregon, often on the mountains at an altitude of three or four thousand feet. It is uncommonly shy, and more than a match for the most expert shot and well-broken dog, from its habit of skulking and the meteor-like rapidity of its flight. Those seen upon the market are usually snared or trapped. A custom prevails in California of poisoning the "meadow-quail" on account of its depredations on the sprouting crops. This method has its penalties which the genial Pacific-sloper will discover when quail shall have given place to destructive insects.

The "sand-quail," which is found in Texas, is a smaller bird than those mentioned above. It generally feeds near small bunches of oaks and brush with which the prairie is studded. When a bevy is flushed, it makes directly for the tangled undergrowth of these patches, where to follow it is entirely hopeless. The writer of this article had very good shooting at these birds while hunting in Texas a year or two before the war. It was not as enjoyable as might be, from the fact that the population was already inoculated with the virus of the war, and looked upon the stranger with suspicion. He will never forget a ride he had on horseback from the ranch of an ex-Texan Ranger, with whom he had been stopping, to the town of Henderson. En route he was hailed by a group of herders, and requested to halt. Not obeying the order, they mounted in haste and started in pursuit. It was a close call, and he did not shake them off until the lights of Henderson were close at hand.

The Northern quail, commonly called the "Bob White," is a bird as vigorous as his California relative. The severity of our winters culls from the bevy its weaker members, leaving only the most hardy specimens to cope with the vicissitudes of a precarious existence. If a quail was capable of philosophic meditation, and could impart to his fellows a subtle analysis of the torments of life, he would without doubt emphatically and promptly answer in the negative the query, "Is life worth living?" From the moment of quitting the shell at his birth he is subject to the attacks of a score of persevering and merciless foes. The parasites common to his kind first assail him, and happy the bird too feeble to resist their assaults.

When but partly grown his parents thrust him off to shift for himself, that they may rear a second brood. With but a limited experience he is thrown in contact with danger of every sort. The horse-hair snare, set with cunning skill across his paths of travel, destroys many of his companions. If he seeks a quiet nook to bask in the sun, he is suddenly startled by a pair of wild eyes, which glare fiercely at him over the edge of the bush. He takes wing in wild affright, a terrible noise sounds close behind him, his wing drops at his side, and he tumbles headlong to the ground. Mad with terror, he takes to his legs, the twigs and bushes crashing behind as his enemy follows in close pursuit. Overcome with fatigue, he is no longer able to move. He skulks in the nearest tuft, hoping to escape his sharp-eyed and keen-nosed pursuer. In vain, however, for in another moment he is seized by the retriever, whose sharp teeth cruelly lacerate his wounded wing. In this condition he is carried to what is to him a gigantic monster, who roughly grasps him, and by the head whirls him round and round. Amid cruel suffering he becomes unconscious and dies. If he escapes by day, his night is no more peaceful, for subtle enemies are on the watch to harass and torment his repose.

Gaston Fay.

THE BICENTENNIAL.

Probably no Philadelphian who had arrived at years of observation in 1876 will ever forget the success of the Centennial, or cease to desire a repetition of that proudest moment of Philadelphia's municipal life. There have been several efforts in Philadelphia since to celebrate centennially incidents and sequences of the great event which was so worthily commemorated by the Centennial. Sometimes Philadelphians have seemed to the outer world to be moved rather by the desire to celebrate than by the desire to celebrate any particular thing, and the subsequent centennials have been to the Centennial as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

But last week Philadelphia put forth her power again, and succeeded in celebrating, without an industrial exhibition indeed, but with much pomp and some enthusiasm, an event which undoubtedly occurred, and which there is strong reason to believe occurred very nearly two hundred years ago. That Penn should have landed on the shores of the Delaware on or about the 24th day of October, 1682, was a most fortunate circumstance for the historical enthusiasm of Philadelphia, which might otherwise have been suppressed until it exploded with disastrous results, but which has now been permitted peacefully to "fluff itself away into nothing," like a bottle of soda-water with the cork sprung." Nothing short of a Bicentennial could have occurred so near to the Centennial without anticlimax. But if there was reason to celebrate with enthusiasm what happened a hundred years ago, there was twice as much reason to celebrate with enthusiasm an event which happened two hundred years ago.

It is painful to have to record that this proposition was carried into detail with results, in individual instances, somewhat disastrous. It is impossible for the chronicler of the Bicentennial to ignore the charges with which a reckless press have been teeming against the liberties which the several personators of Penn took with his character when they undertook to revive him in his habit as he lived. It is distinctly alleged that a member of the Bicentennial Penn's party had concluded a private treaty with the Indians before the beginning of the first day's celebration, in which he so plied them and himself with the fire-water of the pale-face that when he came to play his part in public he could only fall, with a vacuous smile, upon the neck of the nearest savage, and utter incoherent communications in his ear, and that the person who was subsequently looked up to take the part had also been negotiating with the aborigines the purchase of a large tract of land, for which the equivalent was also fluid. We really forget at the moment whether the excess which was imitated by the revivers of Penn was one of the "charges" with which Macaulay, in his famous attack upon its founder, convulsed the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. But there is, unfortunately, no doubt that in plying the red-men of the Bicentennial masquerade with fire-water, the personators of Penn could not be accused of historical inaccuracy. Whether it was a credit to Penn that he kept his own head clear, and drove a shrewd bargain after he had muddled the heads of the parties of the second part, is a question that people will decide differently, according to their several temperaments and temperance views, and with which we need not trouble ourselves. But it is worth noting that a preacher of Philadelphia, on the Sunday before the Bicentennial, speaking in the shadow of the "treaty elm," objected to the celebration of Penn, bicentennially or otherwise, upon the ground that he was the first white man—or at all events the first in Pennsylvania—to undermine the morality of the Indian by giving him rum.

These too faithful reproductions of seventeenth-century manners not unnaturally interfered with the complete success of the celebration. It was, nevertheless, ingeniously planned, and seems in most respects to have been very prettily executed. There was a "landing" at Chester on Monday, in which Penn and his party, and their vessel, and the wondering savages, were reproduced with all the accuracy that archæological study could secure. There was another landing at Philadelphia on Tuesday, in which the *Welcome*, the *Mayflower*, and the *Half-Moon* of Pennsylvanian veneration, was as nearly as possible shown again by the addition of a high poop and quarter-galleries and a top-gallant forecastle to a condemned hulk of Danish origin. From the poop-deck the mimic Penn gazed out upon a scene of which only the sky and the reach of shining river remained of what the real Penn saw two hundred years ago. All the shipping along the stream was gayly decorated, and all Philadelphia was at or near the dock at which the *Welcome* was to land, or accompanying the progress of the Philadelphia Bucentaur in yachts and tugs and launches. Among other things there was a procession of tug-boats a mile long. The streets of Philadelphia during the festival recalled the greatest days of the Centennial. Among the other "features" of the celebration was a procession alleged to have been twelve miles or five hours long.

It seems, however, that there is a dispute both as to where Penn landed and as to where he lunched. The local tradition is that he repaired for refreshment to a place now known as the Blue Anchor Tavern. Unfortunately, there are not far from the scene of the landing two Blue Anchor Taverns, each of which, it is insisted by its landlord, was the Blue Anchor Tavern to which Penn repaired. This ambiguity has given rise to an acrimonious discussion, the consequences of which have not, however, thus far been as painful as those of "the row" that broke up the society celebrated by Bret Harte, "upon the Stanislaus."

It is also disputed when Penn landed. Besides the Chester view and the Philadelphia view of this question, there is another school which maintains that Penn did not land during the month of October. The archæologists of this faith have converted the Pennsylvania Historical Society. That body has declined to countenance the festivities upon which Philadelphia has just lavished itself, but proposes to celebrate the landing in a modest but historically accurate manner by a banquet of its own November 8.

For four days did the Philadelphians give themselves over to patriotic recollections, according to the best methods of making holidays which our outwardly prosaic civilization admits. They kindly refrained from pursuing the saponified pig and from grinning through horse-collars. But they not only had processions, aquatic and terrene; they had a singing festival, which included competitive singing by Welsh and German choruses; they had a bicycle meet and review; they had an archery tournament; they had a regatta of the Schuylkill Navy; they unveiled the statue of the late Morton McMichael; and the festivities were brought to a brilliant termination by a reception of the Knights Templar in the Academy of Music.

THE WALKING MATCH.

The walking match which took place in this city last week was in many respects an admirable entertainment. The noble aspiration for a share of the gate-money which stimulated each contestant to outwalk the others, the superb endurance of suffering in a sacred cause which was shown by all alike, and the sublime enthusiasm which the spectacle aroused among the betting men, can not but make us feel proud of our race and our civilization. The influence of such a contest is not limited to those who win or lose money on the result. All over the country the daily record of the walking match was read with the utmost interest by young and old, and in hundreds of schools Saturday-afternoon walking matches were organized by small boys which developed heart-disease among the contestants, and cultivated the gambling instincts of the spectators to an extent which ought to fill the mind of every high-spirited parent with gratitude and admiration. The great walking match proved that the virtues of the old Romans—their love of sports involving the physical suffering of others, and their beautiful practice of developing in themselves calmness and self-control by watching helpless gladiators writhing in pain—still survive among us. We need not envy the West its "James boys," or the South its Colonel Cash, for we have the right to be as proud of our walking matches as the West and South have to be proud of the peculiar products of their respective civilizations.

Excellent as our walking matches are in the main, they nevertheless are capable of improvement. They undeniably lack interest during the first two or three days of the week. The contestants are then fresh and in good condition. They walk with comparative ease, and in most cases every one of them has some reason to hope that either he will win the match, or that at the worst he will succeed in winning a share of the gate-money. Toward the end of the match the interest of course increases. By that time the contestants are all undergoing great physical pain. Their muscles ache, their feet and joints are swelled, and the terrible strain to which they have been subjected has nearly broken down their nervous systems. Many of them would abandon the struggle were it not for their trainers and backers, who with curses and threats force them to keep on the track. The men who know that they are beaten, who are jeered at by spectators who have bets on their opponents, and hooted by others who have lost money on them, suffer in mind as well as body, and their condition is sufficiently abject to be thoroughly interesting. Still, even the last hours of the match might be made more enjoyable than they are at present, and most certainly something should be done to vary the dull monotony of the first days of the entertainment.

The plan adopted by the managers of the horse-race which closes the Roman Carnival might be imitated to great advantage by the managers of a six-day walking match. The Roman horses are stimulated to put forth all their speed by little iron balls armed with short spikes, which are hung across their backs in such a way as to wound their flanks, and spur them into frantic efforts to escape pain by flight. On the last two days of a walking match, when the men begin to stagger with weakness, iron-spiked balls could be hung from their belts so as to strike against their legs at every step. This would arouse their flagging energies, and the blood which the spikes would draw, and the cries of pain which the wounded wretches could not stifle, would be extremely amusing to every spectator with any sense of humor.

Or, what would be quite as efficacious, persons having bets upon contestants in danger of being beaten should be permitted to enter the ring with whips, and to lash the lagging walkers, and so keep them at their work. The sharp stinging cut of a whip across the legs and back of a walker staggering in a half-conscious way around the track would speedily awaken him, and although he could hardly be whipped into winning a race, a vast deal of amusement could be got out of his writhings under the lash, and his unfortunate backers could obtain some little satisfaction for the loss of their money.

But these are mere matters of detail. The radical defect of walking matches as now conducted is that they are limited to six days. The only requirement made of the winner is that he should walk further during those six days than any of his rivals. Exhausted as the defeated walkers may be, they are still alive when the match is decided. There is no provision made by the managers for the death of any contestant, and in point of fact no contestant is expected to die on the track.

Now this is all wrong. Delightful as the spectacle of human pain unquestionably is, there is nothing which would give such unalloyed satisfaction to the class of people who witnessed the walking-match last week as the death on the track of a defeated walker. The Romans understood the keen delight which the killing of a human being in public inspires, and in imitating their gladiatorial sports we ought not to omit their chief charm. It should be made a condition of every walking match that the men should be kept constantly on the track, without a moment's rest, until all but one die of exhaustion. They could take their food while walking, and they could be kept at work by policemen with sharp metallic goads, who could follow them around the track, and be entitled to the privilege of killing on the spot any walker who should refuse to keep on walking. This would render a walking match simply perfect as an entertaining and impressing spectacle, and it is a wonder that a community which encourages walking matches as they are now conducted should have so long submitted to be deprived of the pleasure of witnessing a match in which all the contestants except the winner are pledged to die on the track.

W. L. Alden.

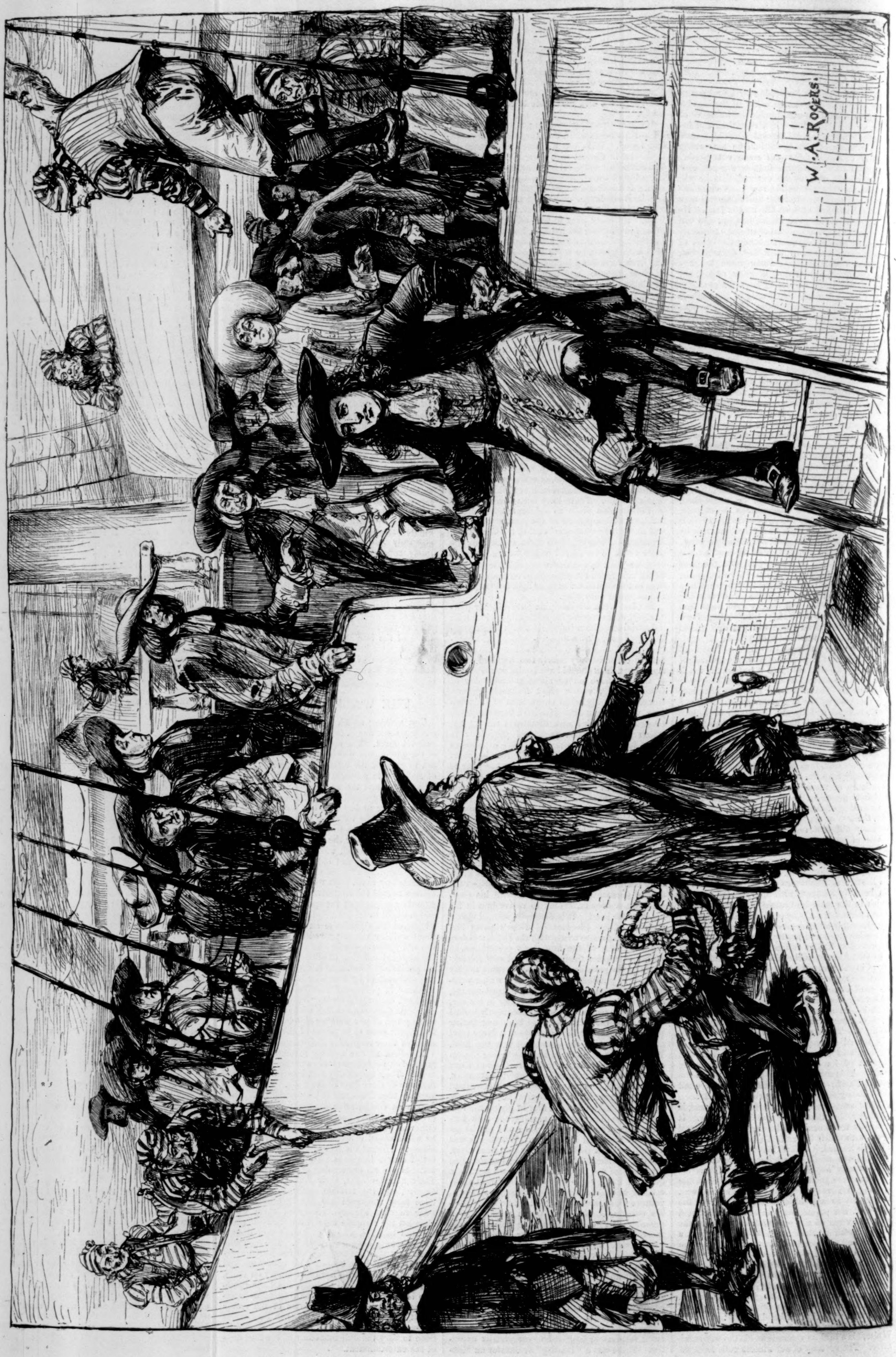
PERSONALITIES AND PISTOLS.

The killing of "Colonel" Slayback by "Colonel" Cockerill in St. Louis is a direct result of personal journalism. It must be owned that there is a desire in men to hear ill of their neighbors, and it is this "long-felt want" that personal journalism undertakes to supply. A newspaper publisher was heard not long ago to say: "If I could prove that somebody had stolen a million dollars, I could double my circulation." Of another newspaper, one of its readers said one day, impatiently throwing away his copy, "How I should like, just for once, to see the *Attack* put a big head over the account of a virtuous action."

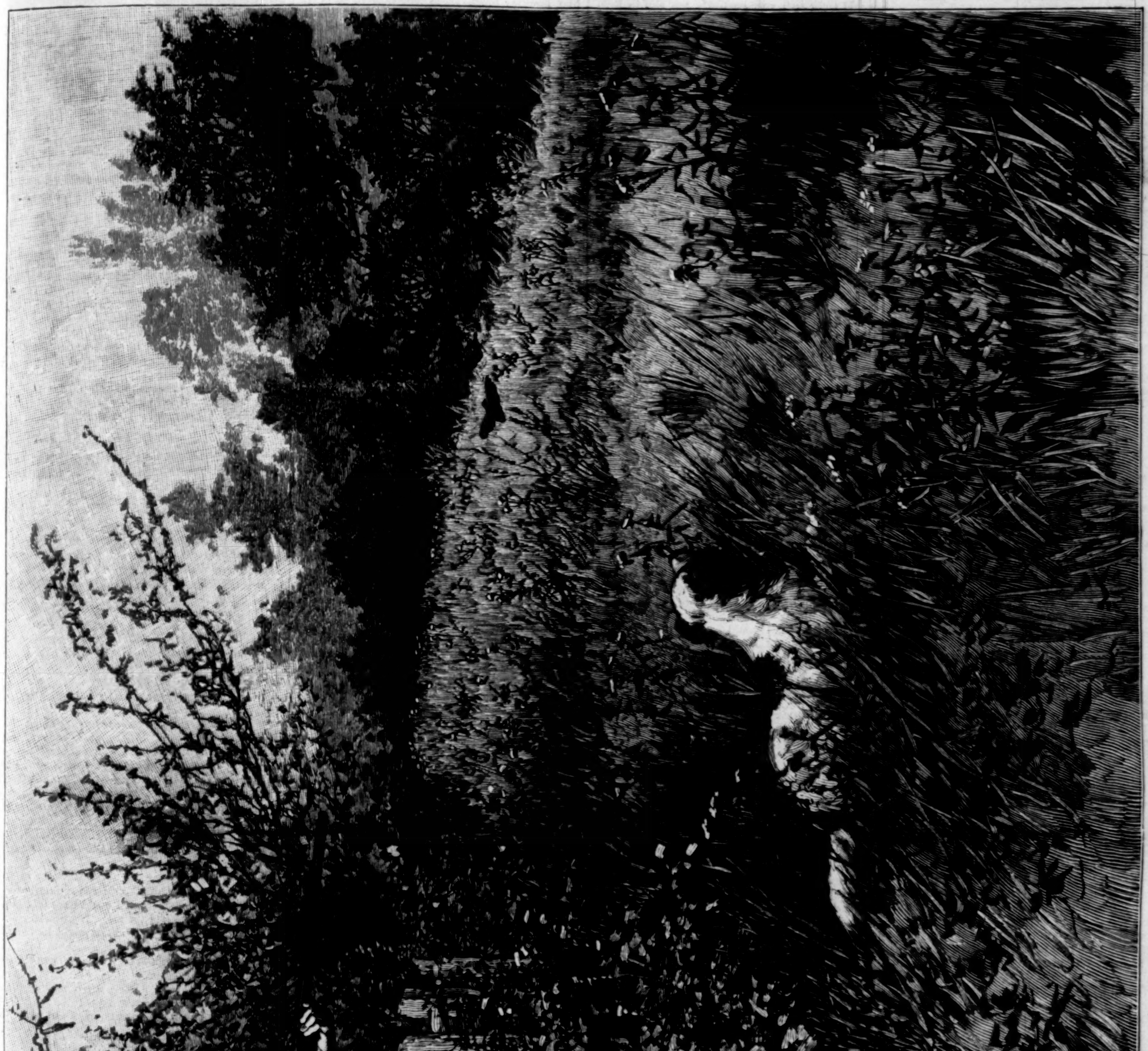
Nevertheless, the children of this world know what they are about in their generation. There is no sort of doubt that personal journalism pays. It is the modern substitute for the gladiatorial shows of the ancient world, and for the mediæval Inquisition. Instead of giving ourselves the trouble to attend the throwing of Christians to the lions, or the burning of a heretic at the *auto publico general*, we can sit quietly at home, and enjoy, as we take in the details of the "question," our imagination of the victim writhing in some other private apartment under the torture, the skillful administration of which we admire. And the most painful element in the torture of the victim is the knowledge that the other readers of the newspaper are enjoying his torture, and applauding the skill with which the needles are inserted in his most sensitive integuments.

As a rule, the administrator of the torture has no sort of malice against his victim, any more than has the bull-fighter whose function it is to rouse the sluggish bull with arrows set on fire. He enjoys the writhings merely as evidence of his skill and success, and generally undertakes his mission in a spirit of unmixed hilarity. He is not thinking of the victim so much as of the applauding public for whose applause he is working. A newspaper skillfully conducted for the purpose of skillfully goading private persons or public officers to fury will not lack an audience, and so long as it does not lack an audience, newspapers conducted upon that "theory of journalism" will continue to be published.

There is a risk in this, and it is this risk that renders personal journalism a less cowardly sport than throwing Christians to the lions or sending heretics to the *quemadero*, and raises it nearly to the level of bull-fighting. It is the risk that the worm may turn, that the bull may gore. "Colonel" Slayback turned, and if he had shot "Colonel" Cockerill, there would have been a poetic justice in the transaction. But "Colonel" Cockerill shot him, and the moral is somewhat confused.



THE BICENTENARY OF PHILADELPHIA.—REPRESENTATION OF THE LANDING OF WILLIAM PENN.—DRAWN BY WILLIAM A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 695.]



QUAIL-SHOOTING—AN UNEXPECTED BEVY.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 695.]

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

A REMONSTRANCE.

Gray heavens, gray earth, gray sea, gray sky,
But reflect with strange gleams of gold:
Downward all's dark, but far on high
Walk the white angels dear of old.

With faith in God and trust in man,
In patience strong our souls possessed,
Eastward gray ghosts may linger wan,
But golden glories crown the west.

Life's broken urns with moss are clad,
And grass springs greenest over graves:
The shipwrecked sailor reckons, glad,
Not what he lost, but what he saves.

What though our sun be set, his ray
Robes the hill-tops like saints new-born:
His after-glow turns night to day,
And when we wake it will be morn.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.[*]

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST

CHRONICLES THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF JOHN WOODHATCH, AND THE VERY BAD INTENTIONS OF GREG DORWARD.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REST OF THE NIGHT.

Greg Dorward had not bargained for being left in the dark, although used to the dark in more senses than one. He had grown accustomed to the light in the farm-house dormitory, and its sudden extinguishment took him off his guard, and rendered him wakeful and watchful. There was mystery at every turn of his life at Farm Forlorn, though life there was to be counted only by the last few hours. There was something going on—there was a great deal going on—beyond his cognizance, and he was pretty well certain beyond the cognizance of John Woodhatch, the proprietor of the establishment. Greg probably did not think it was in any way to be wondered at, considering the surroundings; and Greg would be right enough.

Men and boys—and women, possibly—taken from prisons and reformatories were not to be trusted, or converted in a heap, despite the confidence of the philanthropist in the good that might ensue, the good flowing like a tiny silver thread through all the bad blood in them. This man, full of his own hopes and energies, and a faith in humankind waiting only for its chance, was perhaps less wise and had less knowledge of the shadowy world he would enlighten than the boy of sixteen whom he had brought into the sphere of his influence. But John Woodhatch was an enthusiast, and Greg Dorward was a strange, hard, skeptical youth, even for Bolter's Rents. Even on the threshold of our story proper it is not difficult to see wherein John Woodhatch miscalculated his own strength and knowledge; it was always John Woodhatch in the place of the one he would assist, and every one was to act as John Woodhatch would have done under similar circumstances.

He had seen himself in Greg, having lived and fought hard to live in Bolter's Rents; having filched goods from shop doors and counters, picked pockets, stood in a police court—on a stool, because his head would not come within sight of the magistrate on the bench—passed from jail to reformatory, exactly as Greg Dorward had done, step by step, on the same bad, downward road. But he had not been in any way like Greg Dorward, after all, though he did not see this from the first; and there was no true reflex of his life in that of the boy whom he had set himself to save. In a few words—for we need not attempt to disguise the character of a central figure in our story—John Woodhatch was not as shrewd a man, as far-seeing a man, as he thought he was: a natural error into which poor humanity is very apt to drift, to the infinite amazement of our friends, relations, and acquaintances—especially our relations—but something more than an error, and one very difficult to escape from when it comes to the criminal classes, and groping in the foul regions in which things of evil lurk.

Greg was wholly devoid of faith, and possessed of a terrible knowledge of crime. The devil had well trained this poor human soul, or Daddy Devil had as a substitute, and supposing, after the new fashion of argument, that the former gentleman had not even the personality of a butterfly. Greg had heard an excellent account of Reuben Fladge from the master—"honest, faithful, true as steel, but touched *here* a little"; but what honesty, fidelity, truth, really were, Greg had no idea, save from a few words delivered at the reformatory, and which had sounded like a story-book. "Touched," he understood; and doubtless Fladge, whether true as steel or weak as water, *was* touched, and clambering out of the window in the middle of the night was a striking example of his "touchedness," only—only Greg was sure that was not the reason for Reuben's disappearance. He was very sure there was, in his own streety language, "a game on" somewhere. Presently, it is more than probable, he would have been glad to join in it; but to be kept out of it altogether was to set the boy's wits to work at once against them all. He had been always "in opposition"; it was his native element.

As the light went out, Greg went out also—out of his bed like an eel. The new-comer might want to cut his throat, or play some joke upon him; and, at all events, Greg wasn't going to stop there. The stranger was lying on his bed in his shirt sleeves, ready for something or other, and not thinking of turning in for the night. He was probably waiting for Fladge to return; and so would Greg wait, very patiently, too, and in Reuben Fladge's bed instead of his own. After executing this strategic manœuvre very cleverly and noiselessly—all this kind of business had been extensively practiced where he had come from—he lay still, waiting for events; and the young man on the other bed lay still also, and hardly seemed to breathe. The window remained open, but the casement in its zinc frame no longer swayed to and fro, and clashed against the side; the wind had dropped, or else the new inmate of the room had secured it in the dark.

How long Greg lay and waited there he never knew; he dozed off again, despite his watchful task, the journey having tired him out completely. When he opened his eyes again, to his intense amazement the candle was relighted, and there were Fladge and the handsome young man standing with their hands in their pockets, and their mouths slightly ajar, looking down upon him.

"How the deuce did you get there?" asked the last comer. "You weren't in Fladge's bed when I blew the light out."

"Walks in my sleep," explained Greg, blinking at his inquirer.

"D'ye hear in your sleep too?" asked Fladge.

"Not as I knows on," answered Greg.

"Did you hear me coom back? Ha! ha!"

"There, don't laugh, Fladge, at this time of night," said the other, shaking him forcibly by the collar, "or we shall have Mother Chadderton down on us."

"All right, Morris. I know."

"And here, you, sir," said Morris to Greg, "don't try any tricks here, or play the sneak on us. It won't pay."

"And coom out o' my bed, darn your imperence," cried Fladge, reaching out a long arm and plucking Greg like a kitten from between the sheets, and dropping him a few yards off on the floor with an unceremonious bump which shook the room. Greg was amazed at Reuben Fladge's strength, but his passion was high, and he had always been quick—rather too quick—to retaliate. He sprang up and would have rushed at Fladge forthwith had not Morris caught him by both arms, and pinioned him with hands that felt like iron.

"That will do," said Morris. "You and Fladge can fight it out to-morrow, and I'll be umpire, if you like. Now get to bed; we don't have rows in this house. Never in this house, mind."

Morris spoke firmly and with authority, and Greg went to his own bed scarcely cowed, but disposed to submit to superior force, and convinced that they were a roughish lot Skegs Shore way.

He had hardly crept into his own crib before there came the quick, hasty rapping of sharp knuckles on the panels of the door without.

"What noise was that?" asked the harsh voice of Mrs. Chadderton. "Why are you not all asleep?"

"Greg's been a-walkin' in his sleep, and a-frightenin' me," said Fladge, after which he stuffed a considerable portion of the sheet into his mouth to stop his own hilarious appreciation of the joke from being heard beyond the room.

"Morris," said the voice in the corridor, almost reproachfully, "could not you stop them?"

"I'll see they're quiet now, at any rate."

"You know how lightly the master sleeps—how badly he rests when once disturbed," said the deep voice without.

"Yes, yes; all right, ma'am. Good-night."

"Good-night," responded Mrs. Chadderton.

Then all was still, and once more the light in the sleeping-room was extinguished.

"She's as wakeful as a cat," muttered Morris, and they were the last words Greg Dorward heard on his first night at Farm Forlorn.

CHAPTER XIII.

GREG'S FIRST DAY.

It was morning, bright morning, with the sun shining, and leaves trembling in the sunshine, with big green trees rustling and tossing their great branches to and fro, and birds innumerable singing and twittering, when Greg Dorward and his companions were aroused from sleep by another summons at the door.

"Now, boys, come on. Now, Greg."

Morris and Reuben Fladge were out of bed on the instant, and as the heavy footsteps tramped away along the corridor, Greg lay and blinked at his contemporaries' expeditious movements, and wondered whether work were beginning very early, or if he had overslept himself. He had been used to early rising at Fretwell's, but this seemed earlier; there was something in the daylight which told him so, and his observant faculties had not deceived him.

"It's early, ain't it?" said Greg, turning out reluctantly.

"Yes, I should think it was," answered Morris; "but it's three-quarters of a mile to the sea."

"What are we going to the sea for?" asked Greg—a question which caused Fladge to shout with laughter, to sit down upon the side of his bed and shriek, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"That'll do, Rue—it's a good joke, but it'll do, I think," said Morris, with a thwack on Reuben's shoulders quite forcible enough to knock all the laughter out of him. "Look alive; we are keeping the master waiting, and he hates that."

"Ay, and a rare temper he can show when he does wait, Morris. D'ye mind that day when—"

"No, I don't. Here's your towels, Greg. Let us leave old Fladge in the lurch," cried Morris.

Towels. Yes, they were certainly towels which Morris had pitched at him and over him, and Greg realized that bathing—and bathing in the open sea—was the first item in the programme. He shuddered, and did not like the prospect. If this was the general beginning of the day, he certainly felt that it was a very bad beginning for him, however much these long-limbed, stalwart fellows, five or six years his seniors, might like it.

They went out of the room, along the corridor, and down the stairs at a quick rate. At the bottom of the stairs stood John Woodhatch, with a large bathing towel over his arm, and a huge brown dog with his tongue on his chest, and laughing like Fladge, Greg thought, sitting by his master's knees.

"You have not hurried yourselves," said Mr. Woodhatch, gruffly; "but you were late up last night."

Fladge started, and looked at Morris and Greg.

"We were all late up," he continued; "these London jaunts upset our quiet country habits. What time did you get back, Morris?"

"Soon after you had retired, sir," answered Morris.

"You have enjoyed your holiday?" asked the former.

"Very much."

"And found all well at home?"

"Yes, quite well, thank you, sir. She sent her best love and gratitude for all your kind thoughts of her."

"Tut! tut!—nonsense."

"She made me promise they should be the first words to say to you, and I have said them," concluded Morris.

"And said them like a book. Well, that's dutiful," said Woodhatch, "though I did not want her thanks. Are you ready?"

Yes, they were all ready, and out of the house they sallied together, with the brown dog excitable and noisy, and a little curious as to the backs of Greg's legs, which were evidently strange to him. They crossed the high-road where Greg had alighted last night from the chaise, opened a gate, and went on over a broad sweep of meadow-land, and deep-cut ditches crossed by narrow planks. Presently the ditches became more numerous, the grass-land was left behind, and they were ankle-deep in sand, sometimes almost knee-deep, where the ground was uneven and treacherous, and a coarse spear-like grass shot up, and seemed struggling hard to live. And beyond the sand-banks stretched for miles a low long line of sea-shore, and facing them was the great gray sea, tossing and pitching with big waves that morning, and breaking on the sands in cataracts of foam and with a roar like thunder.

Greg shivered, and instinctively went closer to the master. Morris and Fladge, longer and stronger of limb, were a clear hundred yards ahead now, with Carlo, the dog, running and leaping by their sides.

"Is that the sea?" asked Greg, in a low tone of wonderment.

"Yes—a Lincolnshire sea."

Greg did not like the look of it, and the wind blew cold and fresh that morning to a Londoner, despite the sunshine overhead.

"We'll see you are not drowned, Greg," said Mr. Woodhatch, lightly. "Do you swim at all?"

"Not a ha'poth," answered Greg, who had scarcely seen water save in rain-drops or street puddles till he had got to Fretwell's.

"You will soon take to the sea."

"Oh, shall I?" muttered Greg, almost ironically.

"There's a new, strong life in it, and it will put a new, strong life into you," said Woodhatch. "See what stalwart lads they are—and they were weak, puny boys a few years back."

They were certainly not weak now, thought Greg, remembering last night, and how helpless he had been in their hands.

"And that man," said Greg, nodding his head toward Morris, "is he like all the rest on us?"

"No," answered Woodhatch, "for I took him away early from harm. You will like Morris Brake—everybody likes him. Even Mrs. Chadderton," he added, with a smile.

"She don't like many of us, does she?" asked Greg, identifying himself with the staff now.

"She's hard to please—that's all, Greg; but then people don't try to please her as they should do," he replied, "and yet there is not a more faithful woman in the world. I could trust her with my life," he added, thoughtfully; "with anything, except—"

He did not complete his sentence, although Greg's little dark eyes looked up to him for the rest of it. He strode on, swinging his towels, in advance of Greg after this. Presently he began to hum snatches of a song in a voice that was rich and musical, and Greg thought that the master, in his gray suit and slouch felt cap, was a better, "jollier" sort of fellow than the one in broadcloth who had brought him yesterday from London. But he knew John Woodhatch's private opinion of him now, and that was satisfactory in some points.

Then came the bath in the rough, salt sea, and Greg felt disgusted with the place again, and with Lincolnshire manners generally. He felt that they were all prepared to laugh at him; Fladge had begun to laugh beforehand, it need hardly be said; and John Woodhatch had told him to be careful, and promised to keep an eye upon him. And whilst they were all watching his début he had lost his temper, and dashed into the surf like a mad thing, to show he was not afraid of anything. He was quickly taken off his legs, and whirled away like drift-weed, and John Woodhatch plunged after him, and brought him to shore very short of breath, and feeling like a half-drowned rat, whilst the laughter of Fladge and Morris echoed for half a mile along the sands.

"That's quite enough water for the first day, Greg. Go and dress now."

"Not while they are laughin' at me," said Greg between his set but chattering teeth. "I—I ain't afraid; but—but—it's so blessed cold!"

He ran into the sea again, just to show his contempt of danger, and then scuttled out and away to his clothes, a poor little shrimp of a lad, after whom John Woodhatch gazed thoughtfully before plunging into salt-water again. Woodhatch and the two lads swam out into deep water along with Carlo, and were lost to the sight of Greg behind the waves, until Greg began to think they were all three drowned, and to feel even a little scared at the possibility, although doubtful if it would not be the best for the lot of them. They came back safely to shore, however, and presently they were dressed and marching back toward the farm, all aglow with their morning bath, excepting Greg, who was goose-flesh from top to toe, and had thrust his arms into his pockets to his elbows for comfort's sake. At the farm there followed breakfast for the three youths in the room where they had supped last night, with Mrs. Chadderton at the head of the table, as before, silent and observant.

What she saw in him to stare at Greg did not know, unless she put down last night's noise to him, or he was looking very ill. He felt he should like to make faces at her in return, but as a "new 'un," she might think he was in a hurry to show his dislike to her. It was Greg's ruling weakness, perhaps; he was always in a hurry. Presently the day's work began in earnest, and there was a stir in the big hive, men right and left proceeding to labor in the fields, to the care of flocks and herds, to the big barns and granaries in the rear of the premises.

"You can help Spikins in the garden to-day, Greg," said Mr. Woodhatch. "Morris shall teach you farming later on. You are not afraid of work?"

"No," answered Greg; "I'm used to it."

"You haven't got over your journey yet; and the sea did not freshen you up so much as I thought it would."

"It was fresh enuf, at any rate," said Greg.

"Did you sleep well?"

"Pretty well," answered Greg.

"Mrs. Chadderton says you were all awake hours after the house was still; how was that?" asked John Woodhatch.

Mrs. Chadderton was a sneak, thought Greg.

"I got in the wrong bed, and had to get out of it," explained Greg.

"Ha! sharp enough, I dare say," answered Woodhatch; then he strolled into the garden at the back of the farm-house and made over Greg to Mr. Spikins, who in his shirt sleeves was hoeing and weeding, with his figure very much bent and his head craned forward, after a fashion which had attracted Greg's notice last night.

"There's been some rare tramping about the beds, measter," said Mr. Spikins, endeavoring vainly to straighten himself whilst addressing the farmer; "after the late apples, I'm reckonin', the thieves. And there's a rose-tree clean smashed under Miss Lucy's window, too."

"The wind was high last night," answered John Woodhatch, turning away, as if disinclined for further conversation with Mr. Spikins, to whose care he had consigned the new-comer for the nonce.

"He won't leesten—he never will leesten to what a man says to him," muttered Spikins, looking after his master, "and I could have told him a deal more if he had let me. It's not late apples that makes people walk at night here, and it's not thieves. And it's not—" here the old man's fishy eyes alighted on Greg, who was standing there all attention. "Oh! you want something to do, do you? Here, catch hold of that hoe—not that one, that's mine!" he yelled—"and get as many weeds out as you can, whilst I rest my poor back a bit. I'm eighty-three, and worked like a horse, I am."

Greg took the hoe and set to work, with Mr. Spikins watching his labor closely, and offering a little advice whenever necessary.

"Eighty-three's a good age, ain't it?" he asked, snappishly, a few moments later, as Greg had evinced no surprise at a statement of which the old man was very proud, and generally communicative.

"Rather," answered Greg.

"Rather!" growled Mr. Spikins. "You little dead-and-alive London wurrim, you'll never live to half my age."

"Don't want to," Greg responded.

"You're a poor sickly bit of a brat to cum here at all," Spikins went on; "and there was enough of us without you—quite enough."

"I didn't ask to come," said Greg.

"Oh! the master went down on his knees and begged and prayed you, I suppose?" cried Mr. Spikins, satirically. "Oh yes, that was like him—uncommon."

"It wouldn't have done to disapp'int him," remarked Greg, not at all disinclined to aggravate Mr. Spikins in return for his personal observations; "and as he wanted me ever so much, I came on, jest to see what the crib was like."

"It was uncommon kind of you," said old Spikins, with a snarl. "I hope you'll be able to put up with it."

"Hope I shall," responded Greg.

"Hope you slept well last night, you and Mr. Morris and Fladge. All in that top room yonder, ain't you?" asked Mr. Spikins, taking off a tall old beaver hat, which evidently weighed many pounds, and might have represented a solid hat in rusty iron, and wiping his wrinkled forehead and bald head very carefully with a cotton handkerchief.

"Oh! that's the room, is it?" said Greg, looking up.

"Don't you know it's the room?"

"No."

"Then you're a fool."

"How am I to know? Oh yes, there's a big tree nailed against the wall—I see."

"And a very handy tree it is, too," remarked Spikins; "only I'm going to ax the master to let me cut it down."

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"Oh, air yer?"

"It's a tree much too handy. Folks might get into the house that way, if they was young and good at climbing now—or out of it," he added. "You tell Master Morris I'm going to cut it down. You tell him—"

"Tell him yourself," said Greg, shortly.

Mr. Spikins was irritable and spiteful, but then every allowance should be made for the infirmity of years. That was a maxim conveyed in the three words, "RESPECT OLD AGE," which Greg had had to write very often in his copy-book at Fretwell's, but he did not feel any respect for Spikins after he had picked up his hoe and made a cut at Greg's head with the sharp end of it, from which Greg, generally on the alert, bobbed away with considerable adroitness.

"You're a quick lad. You can see when anythink's a-comin'," said Mr. Spikins, dryly.

"Yes. Don't do it again, old man, though, that's all," said Greg.

Mr. Spikins was startled at Greg's expression of countenance, and went on with his hoeing very quietly after that, keeping one eye on Greg, and saying no more to him for the rest of the morning.

In the night—after the day's work was over, and one complete day of his apprenticeship to hard work had been served—Greg thought it necessary on his part, and for the sake of comradeship, to give Mr. Spikins's message to young Morris. He was "one of them," and must chum in with them, if possible, and if life was to be worth anything at Farm Forlorn. At all events, he must show he was not against them. Perhaps he had learned his lesson from Fretwell's, after all, and seen what a failure he had been there—at war with all of them.

Morris heard what Greg had to say, steadily surveying Greg meanwhile, and his handsome face shadowing as he listened.

"And Spikins told you to tell me that?" said Morris.

"Yes."

"Well, it's a hint. And he means it for a hint."

He sat on the edge of his bed with his arms folded and his gaze upon the floor; the message had evidently disturbed and depressed him. Suddenly Fladge began to laugh in his old idiotic fashion.

"I reckon it's all about up now, Master Morris," he cried out.

"You reckon too quickly, then," was the sharp answer. "I'm not likely to give up—to say die. Why should I, Fladge?"

"Ay! Why should ee?"

"I have made up my mind," he added; and Greg wondered what was in his mind to be made up, and to make him so thoughtful afterward.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE FARM PARLOR.

AT an earlier hour that evening, although after the nine-o'clock supper which was the universal rule, there sat three of the characters of the story in the well-furnished parlor of Farm Forlorn. The fire was blazing brightly in the grate, for though the leaves were still upon the trees, and autumn had a fair number of weeks to run, the nights were cold in Lincolnshire, especially in that part of Lincolnshire bordering on the sea. The deep red curtains were drawn before the windows, there was a small grog kettle singing on the fire, and there were on the table two glasses and a liqueur-frame of spirits waiting for the grog kettle.

John Woodhatch and Mr. Larcom—the Reverend Alexander Larcom some people called him, although he disliked the title himself, and told everybody he was only a poor Methodist parson—sat one on each side of the fire; they were smoking long clay pipes, two men at their ease, old cronies, although one crony was twenty-five years the senior of the other, with closely cropped hair as white as snow, and with legions of deep furrows in his face, which was a firm, rugged face to look at. It was a different expression of firmness to that of John Woodhatch's, which always gave the impression that it might soften at an appeal for pity, mercy, forgiveness, when needed and made in real, true earnest; but Mr. Larcom's countenance immediately assured you that it was not likely to be affected by anything or anybody. And yet Mr. Larcom was a genuine, good-tempered Methodist parson enough, fond of his friendly jests in the week-days with the members of his flock, interested in his flock, too, and in their spiritual and temporal requirements, a vigorous and demonstrative preacher on Sundays in the primitive cottage which did duty as his chapel, and where he shouted very much, and worked himself into a white heat of fervor, and let the world of Skegs Shore and parts adjacent know every bit of his mind. He bore a good character for kindness, even generosity, with the little amount he had to spare for generous acts; he was thought wise and shrewd and devout; but it struck no one that he was a man to be imposed upon, or to be convinced against his will. A hard man, although no one knew exactly why he should be called hard, unless it was that he was hard upon sinners, or those whom he considered sinners, and had, they considered, a very bad habit of not leaving them alone.

At the farther extremity of the room sat Lucy Larcom, his daughter—the only daughter of the young woman he had married late in life, and lost with the advent of his child into the world—a fair-haired, very pretty girl, with large wondering blue eyes, and on whom some eighteen summers rested as gracefully as eighteen summers invariably will on those who are blessed with good health, good temper, and good looks. Lucy was playing the piano, or rather letting her white fingers glide carelessly over the keys of a Broadwood's grand—a fine instrument, new and bright and imposing in its rose-wood case, but which was out of character with the old-fashioned massive oak furniture by which it was surrounded.

John Woodhatch was fond of music, and evidently liked it of as good a quality as could be obtained, and from as good a source, although his love of harmony had come a little late in the day, perhaps, the piano having reached Farm Forlorn only a week ago. And the parson's daughter could play well, it was evident, even to the untutored ear of John Woodhatch; there was a touch of genius in her—that genius which could give life and feeling to the instrument, and which even then, in extemporaneous ramblings of plaintive chords and subdued melodies, told of one who had studied much, and with an artist's earnestness.

"You'll be going away to-morrow, Lucy," said John Woodhatch, very suddenly, "and I'm thinking you may as well take that thing with you. It's not much use here, I fancy."

The remark seemed to startle Mr. Larcom, who from under his shaggy white brows shot a keen, critical glance at his host—a man graver and even sterner than usual that night.

"Oh! thank you, John, but—it would fill the whole house. There is not a door or a window in our little home which could possibly admit it," answered Lucy, without desisting from her playing, which came in its subdued tone and meaning like an accompaniment to her words—like the "business" of the orchestra at a play-house, when the characters speak with meaning, and the audience's extra attention is required. "It would be as much out of place as—"

"Here," he added, quietly, as she paused.

"Oh no; there is plenty of room here," said Lucy.

"And no one to play, or to care for music, after you have gone. Why, what's the use of it to me?" asked the farmer.

"'*Why didn't you think of that before, Johnnie?*'" sang Lucy, saucily, and whilst striking various little chords. "You did not invest in this very expensive instrument because dad and I were to mind the farm during your London holiday."

"Holiday!" muttered John Woodhatch. "Well, yes, I *did* invest for that reason. I was afraid you would lose your practice, Lucy, and so I sent a piano down to Skegs Shore."

"And mooch astonished we all were when it arrived," remarked Mr. Larcom, "and a vary extravagant piece of beesiness we thought it, I must say, John."

"I am a man of extravagant notions."

"Ye are," asserted his friend.

"Which is another name for foolish ideas, Alec."

"Precisely so."

"And there's something pleasant in being a visionary," the farmer continued, "and getting away from this hard, practical earth into the clouds."

"Yes, at times," answered Lucy, thoughtfully; "but not to be always in the clouds."

"Like a balloon," added her father—"a wobbling gassy monstrosity, going whichever way the weend pleases to carry it; that's not a raytional exeestence, John; and, moreover, it's not the exeestence of John Woodhatch, and it's no use humbugging me into pretending that it is."

John Woodhatch laughed, though it was somewhat of a forced effort at pleasantry.

"Well, only now and then in the clouds, as Lucy says, and coming down again with a bump to mother earth."

"And not minding the bumps much, John, eh?" said Mr. Larcom.

"Not making much fuss about it, at any rate;" and John Woodhatch laughed again, and with about the same degree of effort.

"I'm a-thinking the kettle boils," said Mr. Larcom, "an' I'll take the leeberty of helping meeself, John."

"Do, do," repeated Woodhatch, absently.

Mr. Larcom not only mixed for himself, but for John Woodhatch, who did not thank the preacher for his attention, but suffered the glass of toddy to remain untouched at his elbow. Presently the eyes of Mr. Larcom encountered the wide, staring eyes of Mr. Woodhatch, and seemed to read a question in them, or take a hint therefrom.

"And though this is the end of a playsant holiday for Lucy and me," said Mr. Larcom; "though we have had the run of this big hoose-place, and been marnarchs of all we surveyed, John, and shall go back a leetle put out at the infinitesimal deemensions of the cottage on the high-road yonder, still we shall consider it as only the beginning of other holidays, of other playsant meetings at Farm Forlorn, which meeserable title to a happy homestead, John, I should be glad to see you alter."

"Take it altogether, it's appropriate," said Woodhatch, in reply.

"Thou'rt in a most marbid and uncoomfortable mood, John," said the parson. "Lucy, play him something lively, for mercy's sake—a speeretstirring wedding march, now, which shall ring in his ears till we come back again to keep him company."

Lucy dashed into Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and Mr. Larcom, looking steadily at John, touched his arm, and said, "*Now!*" John Woodhatch nodded, and Mr. Larcom, taking his glass of whiskey and water in his hand, stole softly out of the room, without the knowledge of his daughter, and went away to his own—a neat little study on the first floor, and which had been at the service of Alec Larcom for several years now, and when he had needed change, or rest, or companionship. Outside the door of this room Greg had been listening last night.

Lucy, deeply interested in her own theme, continued to play for several minutes with energy and effect, and in perfect ignorance of her father's stealthy withdrawal from the scene. John Woodhatch had put his pipe in the grate, and was listening and waiting and watching. Suddenly Lucy looked up, glanced wildly round, missed her father, and closed the piano with a sudden clang.

"I—I didn't know papa had gone," she said, changing color very rapidly, and speaking in a trembling voice.

"Yes; some minutes ago."

"I will go to him."

"Are you afraid to stay with me?" he asked, in a low, deep tone.

"Afraid, John! Oh no; but—"

"But afraid of what I might say? I so old, and you so young; so old a lover, and so young a maiden—December and May; like that foolish print there," he said, pointing to the well-known engraving of the title which he had mentioned.

"Oh, not so bad as that," said Lucy, almost hysterically. "But you will not—I mean you will spare me, dear old trusted friend."

"Your father has told you?"

"Yes, partly—all, I think. I don't know—I don't remember; but you will not," she exclaimed, incoherently, although he comprehended every word she said, and understood more than she implied, "for my sake! Will you?"

"You know, then, why your father has left us together on this last night of your stay?" he inquired.

"Yes," she confessed, "I fear I do."

"Do not fear any longer, Lucy," he said, very tenderly. "I am not going to ask you to be my wife, as your father wishes, and as he thinks I am going to do."

The girl clasped her hands together, and looked relieved in mind. The harassed, pained expression of a minute since vanished from her fair young face.

"I have not had a thought of worrying you about myself," said John Woodhatch; "not I."

"Indeed!"

"I want to talk to you about Morris Brake," he said; "that's all."

"You know—"

"Everything."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE programme of recent aquatic events at Harvard University was interfered with by the refusal of certain oarsmen of the Freshman class to "cut" a Greek recitation in order to appear in their boat at the appointed time. If innovations of this kind are allowed to pass unnoticed, the time may come when a base-ball game will be delayed in the same manner.

Boating men at Yale are enthusiastic over the new Freshman cockswain. He weighs about a hundred pounds when out of training, and will train down a good deal below that figure. In the distant future of education in this country looms up the problem of how closely a cockswain can approach the line which separates entity from nothingness, and still be able to steer a shell between two rows of flags.

The little readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have contributed and deposited with the treasurer, Miss E. A. Fanshawe, 43 New Street, $1555 40 of the $3000 necessary for the endowment of a cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York. The cot, when paid for, will be called Harper's Young People's Cot.

"This week," says a California newspaper, "has been a singularly dull one in murder circles, and no mistake. Up to noon to-day there hasn't been a single interesting shooting."

In the last five or six years New York city's trade in ostrich feathers has increased from about half a million dollars a year to nearly five million dollars. The increased demand has induced the ostrich raisers to pluck their birds prematurely, and the result is that fine plumes are scarce, and much piecing has to be done. There is danger that it will be the same with ostrich feathers as it is already with lobsters, it being almost impossible to buy one that would have been considered a fair-sized lobster a few years ago. Unfortunately the situation as to lobsters can not be improved by piecing small ones together.

A Connecticut thread-manufacturing company was to have exhibited at the recent fair in Boston the old-fashioned way of spinning and weaving cotton in the South. The company's agent in Georgia engaged one negro man and four negro women to go to Boston and do the spinning and weaving; but somebody told them that they were to be sold on their arrival in the Northern city, and it was impossible to persuade them to come, or persuade others to take their places.

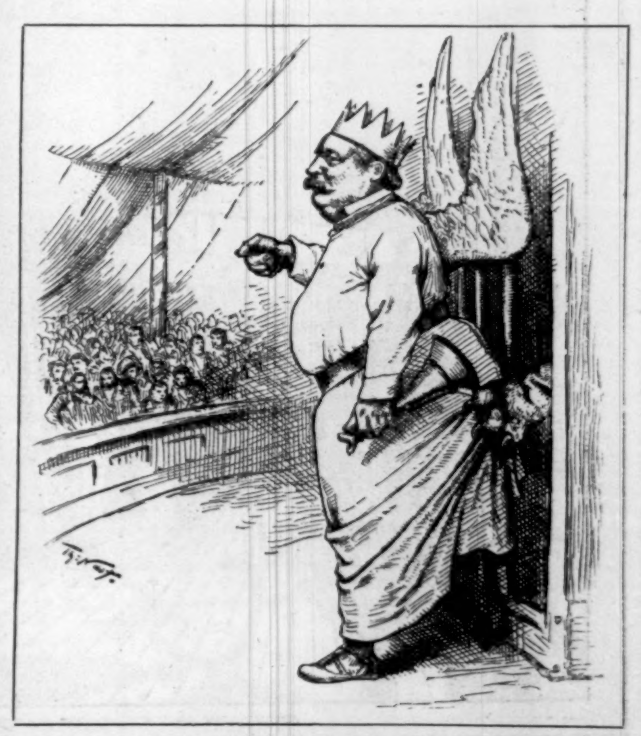
In a commonwealth that has much to do with temperance questions the people learn to make fine discriminations as to degrees of abstinence. A candidate for nomination for State Senator in Massachusetts was warmly supported by a delegate on the ground that he was "a good temperance man, who always comes home sober when he goes out of town—more than can be said of every so-called temperance man." Still, he did not get the nomination.

The Buffalo *Express* (Republican) says, "We lost eight Congressmen in Ohio, where Hubbell did help, and gained two in West Virginia, where he didn't."

A five-column address by Sir Stafford Northcote is spoken of by the London *Times* as a brief speech. It is considered a mark of good-breeding in England never to appear surprised at the magnitude of anything.

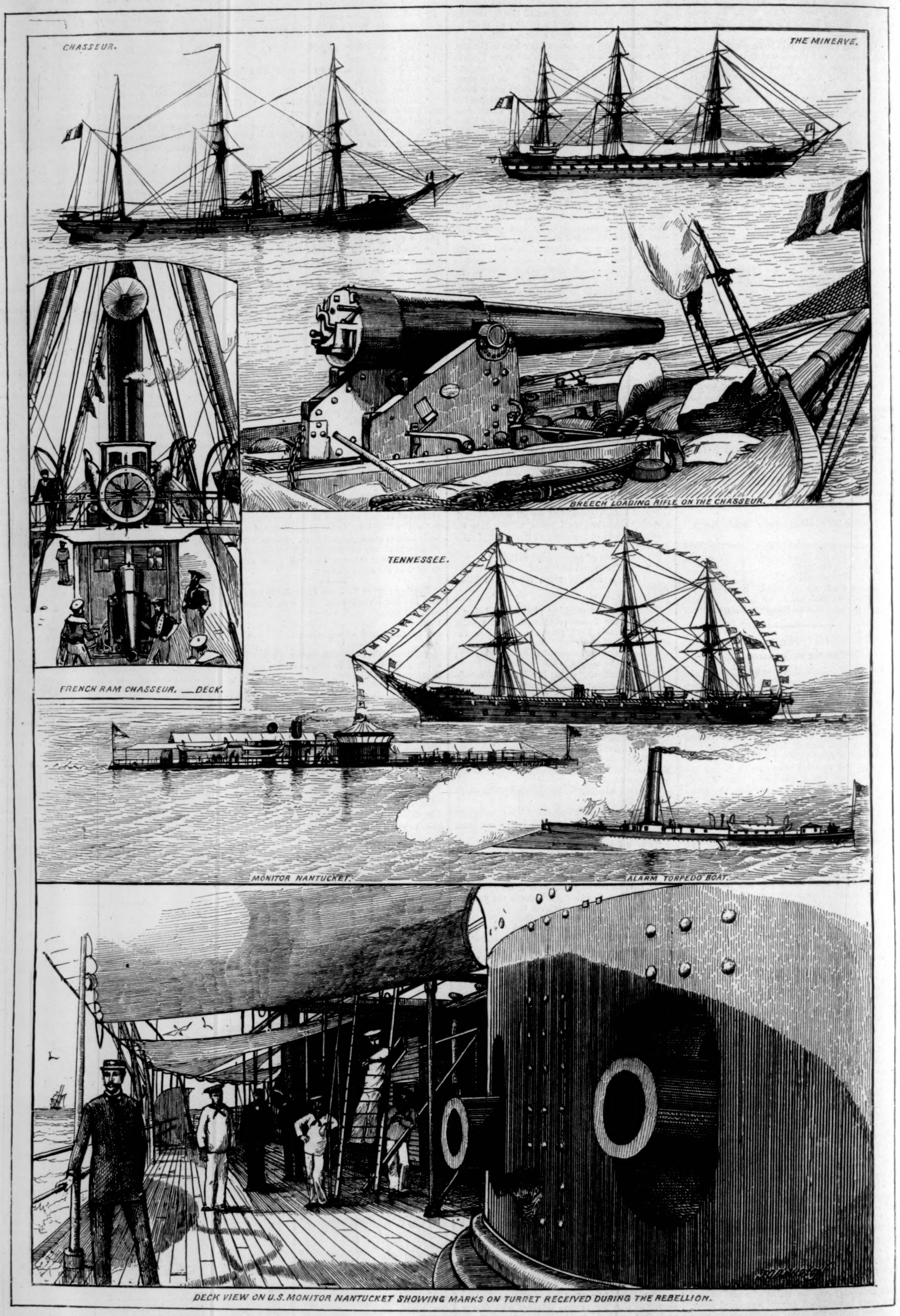
A Canada story has it that an Englishman, writing to a friend in Montreal, inquires whether he runs across many bears while going home in the dark.

Few persons outside of those immediately engaged in its management have any idea of the vast amount of labor and money required to run a first-class circus. Mr. Barnum, having recently fallen into the hands of the interviewers, has given to the public press some points concerning his "greatest show on earth" that are of curious interest. For instance, a single item of expenditure amounts to a snug fortune, viz., that of wintering the animals and their keepers, trainers, and attendants, and getting matters into shape for the spring opening. Last year, said the veteran showman, this cost nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and that during a time when not a dollar was being earned. But large as it is, the cost of wintering is a mere "flea-bite" to that of securing fresh novelties. For this purpose scores of agents under large salaries are sent around the world every year to gather up the best of all that is new, regardless of expense. This year men have gone on these errands to far-away countries where no show agent ever before appeared. To meet the necessities of but one of these agents $70,000 were recently deposited with Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co. One of the most costly ventures was the Jumbo affair. The figures are not given, but the round outlay is said to have been enormous. Another important item this year was the printing, which cost $175,000, exclusive of newspaper advertising. The gross receipts of the season of thirty-one weeks were a million and three-quarters of dollars. The receipts in New York were nearly $60,000 per week. In Philadelphia, $69,115 85 were taken in six days, four of which were rainy, and in Boston a single week rolled in $74,051 02. When asked if it was true that he contemplated gathering an Ethnological Congress, Mr. Barnum said: "Well, I do not like to divulge details of our future plans, but I will say that for years I have contemplated bringing together several hundred men, women, and children, comprising as far as possible specimens of every attainable uncivilized tribe. We are now commencing the 'gathering of nations,' and hope ere long to show them, and exhibit their customs, costumes, etc., to a wondering world. I regard it, if successfully carried out, as the most instructive and interesting exhibition that has ever been conceived." In pursuance of this plan a group of twenty-five Nubians—men, women, and children—have just been engaged, who will arrive in time for the next spring opening.



THE ANGELIC DELUSION.

"Don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, when the beast is let loose; I shall have him entirely under my thumb."


CHASSEUR.
THE MINERVE.
BREECH LOADING RIFLE ON THE CHASSEUR.
FRENCH RAM CHASSEUR. __DECK.
TENNESSEE.
MONITOR NANTUCKET.
ALARM TORPEDO BOAT.
DECK VIEW ON U.S. MONITOR NANTUCKET SHOWING MARKS ON TURRET RECEIVED DURING THE REBELLION.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN AND FRENCH SHIPS OF WAR RECENTLY LYING IN THE NORTH RIVER.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 702.]

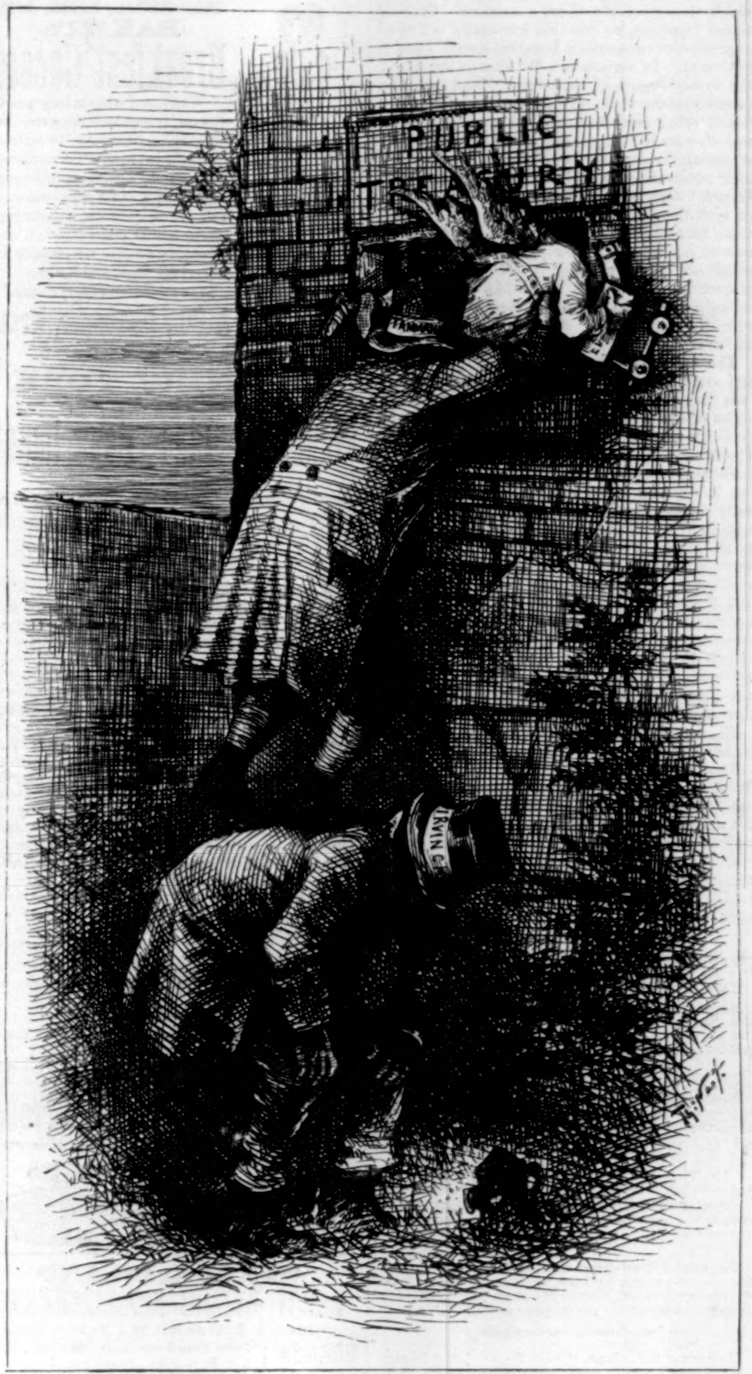
THE DOOR TO THE TREASURY.

The Citizens' movement to place the municipal offices in the hands of business men, to be conducted on business principles and by business methods for the sole benefit of the city, has not been commenced any too soon. For the past two years (nearly) the treasury has been guarded by Mayor **Grace** and Comptroller **Allan Campbell**, who have stood resolutely in the way of the plunderers. Our readers have only to recall the outrageous scheme of robbery involved in the bill for remission of the elevated railway taxes to realize of what great value have been the services of these upright and incorruptible city officers, through whose protests and vigorous statement of the interests of the city the scheme was defeated. And the measure of the good which these men have done is in part the measure of the mischief that would be done should a pliant representative of the plunderers be placed in the chair of the Chief Magistrate.

It must have occurred to many a citizen to wonder how and why the remarkable union of the factions of the Democratic party has been brought about. Why is it that the County Democracy, which a short time since denounced the Tammany machine and its chief engineer, **John Kelly**, as a public nuisance which at any cost and at any party risk must be abated, a scandalous load which the Democratic party could no more carry than Sindbad could bear the Old Man of the Sea—why is it that the County Democracy now joins hands with Tammany, and placidly accepts the candidate for Mayor whom it recommends? On the other hand, why is it that Tammany, which an equally short time since fought the County Democracy so efficiently and so bitterly as to defeat the Democratic candidate for Governor, and—so say the County Democrats—the candidate for President as well, now enters into a close alliance with the organization which it then so recklessly exposed? The answer is very simple. The County Democracy has made terms with Tammany because it was the absolute condition precedent to a victory in the State and in the city, and Tammany has joined forces with its old foes because for the first time it sees a chance of sufficient booty to "go around."

If the combination can succeed, there will be not less than $35,000,000, with all that that implies, to expend within the next two years, and the share of the various halls and factions would be ample to justify the most vigorous efforts to obtain control. There are on the pay-rolls of the city of New York, in various capacities, not less than 10,000 men. Consider for a moment what an enormous political force this represents for men who would use it "for all it is worth," according to the most approved and highly developed rules of the spoils system. The pay of these 10,000 men, in days' wages and in annual salaries, is $10,000,000 per annum, or $20,000,000 for the two years of the Mayor's term. In addition to this amount there is the intention to obtain from the State the authority to construct a new aqueduct at a cost of not less than $15,000,000. This, with the pay-roll for two years, makes up the $35,000,000. This is an enormous sum. It exceeds the revenues of each of several States in the Union, and is greater than that of any one of several of the minor kingdoms of Europe. If it can be placed in the hands of the combination into which **John Kelly** has not entered without ample assurance that he can have his way in the management of affairs, this more than princely revenue will be spent with a degree of irresponsibility to which every considerable European government is entirely a stranger. It will be used not only to enrich the favored plunderers, but to secure them in their opportunity for plunder. It will furnish the camp chest for the organization of a band of political mercenaries such as the country has never before seen, not even in **Tweed**'s time. This unscrupulous army will not only be quartered on the city, but they will seize every point of vantage from which any serious effort can be made to dislodge their leaders. **Napoleon** (the Little), with his cannon trained down the boulevards laid out by the Baron d'Haussmann for the discomfiture of popular uprisings, was not more the master of Paris than would **Kelly** and his associates be with their creatures controlling the police, the election officers, and the public treasury. And it is no fanciful comparison to suggest that an insurrection as difficult and tremendous as that which overthrew the Second Empire might be demanded to drive from the places of power the men who were thus installed and intrenched. We can not forget that in 1871 Mr. **Evarts** (of all men) plainly told the citizens in revolt against the Tammany of that day that they must be prepared to use bullets if ballots failed to accomplish their emancipation. Tammany and those who have joined hands with Tammany in this struggle would in the next two years secure the Police Department, with its absolute control of the canvass of votes and of the enforcement or perversion of the law; of the Department of Public Works, with its great patronage, re-enforced by the aqueduct job; to a great extent of the criminal courts and some of the civil courts, with their possibilities in the direction of the abuses of **Barnard**, **Cardozo**, and **McCunn**. The city would be laid, in **Patrick Henry**'s burning words as to Boston in 1775, "bound hand and foot at the feet of the enemy, with a British [Tammany] guard at every door."

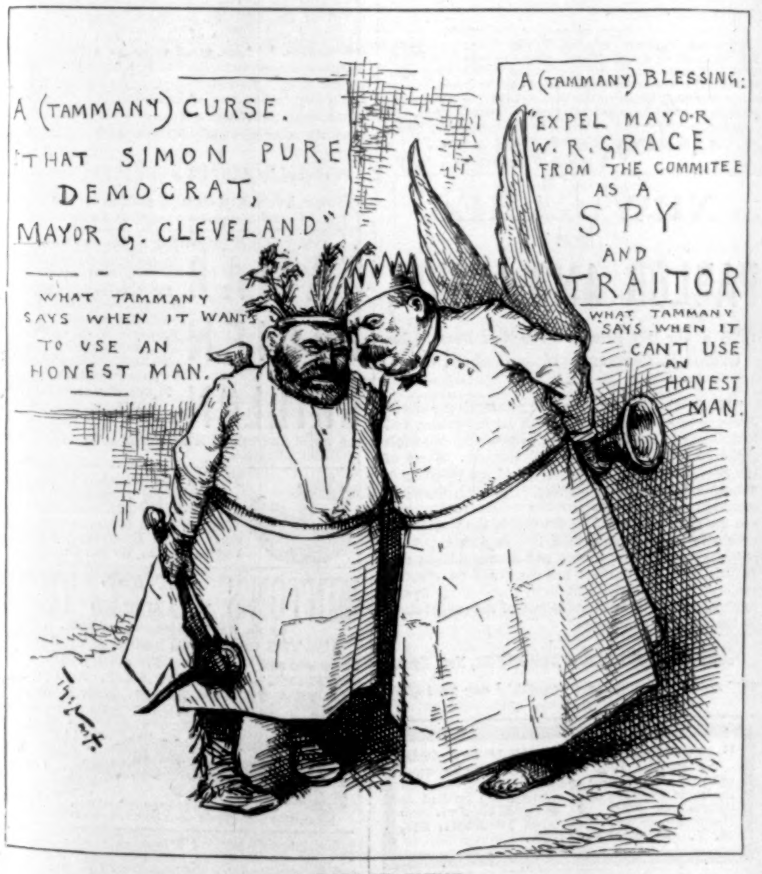
Against this gigantic conspiracy, which has reunited the desperate factions of the local Democracy, the Citizens' movement is organized. No more necessary insurrection was ever made against a more menacing despotism or a baser usurpation. It is a perfectly open, honest, honorable, impartial movement of citizens for the city. Its candidate for Mayor is an upright Democrat of tried firmness and integrity, and its other candidates, from either party, are worthy to be associated with him. Its plan is a permanent one. It not only proposes to defend the city government from the assault made upon it, but to demand and obtain from the Legislature a radical reform of the charter, which will make it possible for the citizens of New York to protect their own interests at all times. It deserves success in its immediate and in its remoter objects, and it will win, because it is the opening, not of a skirmish, not even of a battle, but of a veritable war of independence.



Bill Sykes. "As soon as I've got you in, open the front door for me."

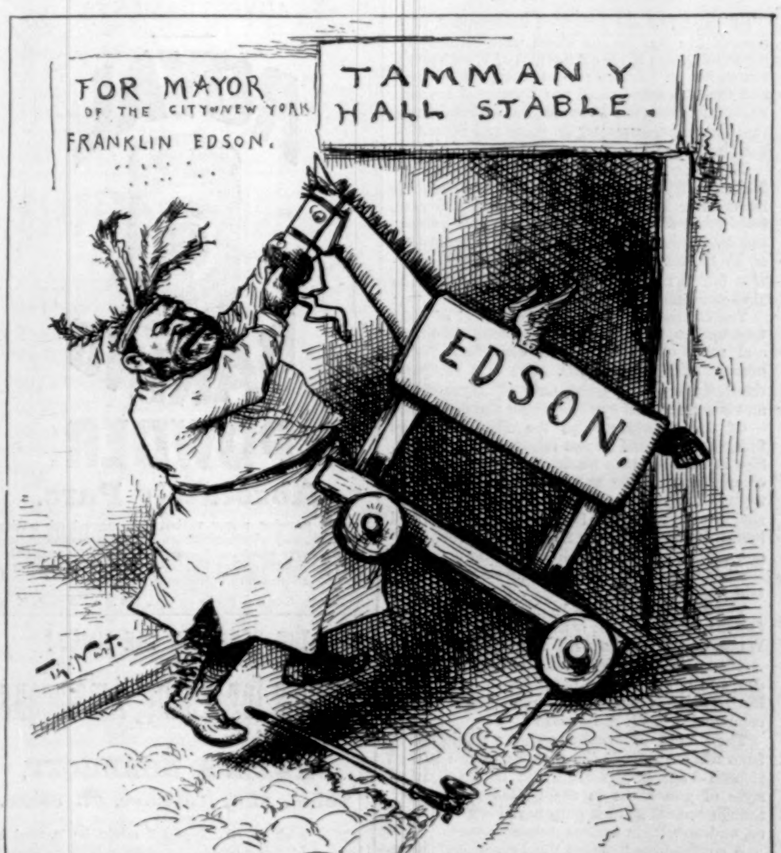
THE RHINOCEROS.

Writers of natural history have represented the rhinoceros as all but invulnerable. Jerdon says: "The very thick hide of this animal requires a hard ball, and a steel-tipped bullet was frequently used before the introduction of the deadly shell, now in general use against large game." Baldwin, in his *Large and Small Game of Bengal*, states: "The hide of the rhinoceros is so very thick, being covered with huge plates, that unless struck on the head (behind the ear is also a very deadly place) bullets from a common gun do him


A (TAMMANY) CURSE.
"THAT SIMON PURE DEMOCRAT, MAYOR G. CLEVELAND"
WHAT TAMMANY SAYS WHEN IT WANTS TO USE AN HONEST MAN.
A (TAMMANY) BLESSING:
"EXPEL MAYOR W. R. GRACE FROM THE COMMITEE AS A SPY AND TRAITOR
WHAT TAMMANY SAYS WHEN IT CANT USE AN HONEST MAN.

A BOSS WARNING.

Angel Kelly (*to head angel*). "If you don't do as I dictate, I'll smash you. I've done it to bigger men than you."


FOR MAYOR OF THE CITY of NEW YORK FRANKLIN EDSON.
TAMMANY HALL STABLE.
EDSON.

MAKING HIS TOY HORSE REAR.

Chief Kelly. "Whoa, there! What an independent-spirited animal this is! I fear I shall not be able to manage it."

little harm, and even rifle-balls with large charges of powder, unless well placed, are ineffectual." To look at, the hide certainly seems impenetrable, but it is not so whilst on the living animal. When removed and dried it will turn a musket-ball; but whilst it covers the rhinoceros it is not nearly so difficult to pierce as is the thinner but far tougher skin of the buffalo. The bulk of the beast is immense; the vital spots, excepting that behind the ear, are protected by vast masses of flesh, muscles, and bones, which render the slaying of this mammoth so difficult; but I have seen a man, far from strong, drive the blade of a long hunting-knife into a rhinoceros with one blow up to the hilt, which would have been impossible had the hide been of the impenetrable material generally attributed to it. These pachyderms are very plentiful in Assam. Wherever there are vast swamps and long reeds, there they are to be found. In the dooars, or plains, which skirt the foot of the Bhootan range, they are particularly plentiful.

To hunt this brute successfully it is absolutely necessary to have elephants, for he is found in localities so densely covered with rank grass and reeds that no one on foot would have a chance of seeing him; but he has a peculiarity which might lead to his extermination, and I am astonished, considering the very high prices which are paid for his horn, that native shikaries do not go after him more than they do. This peculiarity is returning daily to one certain point whilst he inhabits any particular jungle. It is generally in an open spot on the margin of a lake or bheel, and all a pot-hunter has to do is to dig a pit and lie in wait to get a certain shot; but, luckily for the poor brute, the natives have imbibed our ideas as to his invulnerability, and leave him alone; but knowing the value of his horn, they generally followed us about and retrieved our wounded game, for we had not always time to hunt up badly hit animals, which escaped us for the time being, but eventually fell into the clutches of the natives. Not only is the horn valuable, being worth nearly $25 a *sur* (2-pound weight), but the flesh is greatly prized, even the most rigid and bigoted vegetarians partaking of it; the liver is dried and pulverized, and bottled up for use in certain diseases, whilst the hide is either dried and sold to rajpoots and others for converting into shields, or it is cut into strips, cooked over a charcoal fire, and eaten.

These brutes are harmless enough until wounded and closely followed up; they will then turn to bay and charge savagely, inflicting fearful wounds, not with their horns, which are merely used as grubbers, but with their sharp tusks, with which they can cut the leg of an elephant to the bone. They fight a great deal among themselves, and inflict fearful wounds. I have killed them scored all over. Elephants dread them; very, very few will go near one when it is making its peculiar squeaking noise, nor stand a charge. They are not, therefore, easy beasts to kill. I was exceptionally lucky, for in six years, to my own gun, I killed forty-four. I helped to kill some thirty others, and saw some twenty others killed by comrades who were out with me, and I lost, and saw lost, fully fifty others. I probably came across some three hundred and more during my wanderings in Assam. These brutes live far from the haunts of man, but if any grain be grown within many miles of them they find it out and visit it nightly until they are either shot or they have destroyed the whole of it.

SHIPS OF WAR.

ON page 700 are presented illustrations of a fleet of five war vessels which were recently lying in the North River off the foot of West Thirty-fourth Street. Above two of them, the *Minerve* and the *Chasseur*, floated the tricolor of France; while the others, the *Tennessee*, the *Kearsarge*, and the *Nantucket*, displayed the Stars and Stripes of the United States.

The *Minerve* is the flag-ship of the French West India Squadron, and flies the flag of Rear-Admiral ZÉDÉ. She is an old-fashioned wooden frigate, built about forty years ago, of 3500 tons burden, has a complement of 420 men, and is commanded by Captain PUECH. She is armed with fourteen 6-inch rifled guns, all breech-loaders of the French system.

The *Chasseur* is also a wooden vessel of 1000 tons burden, provided with a powerful steel ram, and most effectively armed with four 7-inch breech-loading rifled guns. She is a comparatively modern ship, being only eight years old, and is commanded by Commander COURREJOLLES.

Of the American ships the *Tennessee* ranks first, she being the largest frigate in our service. She is of 4840 tons burden, is provided with a complement of 350 men, and an armament of twenty-four guns. Of these two are 8-inch muzzle-loadng rifled guns; four are 80-pounder rifled breech-loaders; two are 20-pounder breech-loaders, and sixteen are 9-inch smooth-bore muzzle-loading Dahlgrens. She is commanded by Captain ROBERT F. BRADFORD.

The *Kearsarge*, built in 1862, and made forever famous by her gallant action, under Commander WINSLOW, off Cherbourg, France, with the pirate *Alabama*, is a wooden vessel of 1550 tons burden, and is armed with one 8-inch rifled muzzle-loader and six 9-inch Dahlgrens. Her present commander is W. R. BRIDGMAN.

The Monitor *Nantucket* has but a single turret, from which protrude the muzzles of two 15-inch smooth-bore Dahlgrens, which is the heaviest style of gun afloat in the United States navy, though several 20-inch guns have been constructed, and now lie in various ordnance yards.

A comparison between the French and American navies, based upon the above-named specimens of both, would be very unfair, because the two representatives of the French navy now with us are inferior ships as compared with the magnificent monster iron-clads like the *Devastation*, of which that navy can boast a number. Outside of our Monitors, we have no iron-clads, and consequently no comparison between vessels can be instituted. In armaments the French are superior to us, because all their heavy rifled guns are breech-loaders, while ours are muzzle-loaders, our 8-inch rifled guns having been converted from smooth-bore to Dahlgrens. Although the weight of metal thrown by the latter is heavier, and their penetrating power is as great as that of the French 7-inch rifled guns, they can not be worked with the same rapidity or precision, and are much less effective weapons. Our great 15-inch smooth-bores belong to a past era, the present being one of penetrating rather than crushing projectiles. At the present it is almost universally conceded that swift, unarmored vessels armed with breech-loading rifled guns are best adapted for cruising purposes.

The questions of relative strength of vessel and armament being set aside, the one comparison that remains to be instituted is between the crews of the several ships; and here a slight superiority would seem to rest with the Americans. The *Minerve*, though much smaller than the *Tennessee*, carries nearly one hundred more men than the latter, and while on board the former the daily routine is conducted with a nicety and attention to detail unequalled in any other service in the world, a sudden emergency produces a nervous excitement that interferes with a proper performance of duty. At such a time the decks of a French ship present scenes of confusion unknown on board an American. It is said that, given an equal number of French and American sailors in a moment of sudden peril, the latter will, in the same time, perform a double amount of work, and do it better than the former. It is merely a triumph of Saxon phlegm over Gallic nervousness; but at such times the former is invaluable.

Thus although American ships of war are inferior in construction and armament to those of nearly every other nation owning a navy, they are manned and officered by as fine a body of seamen as ever trod decks, and with such material, supported by a country of unlimited resources, there need be no fear but that, if the necessity arose, the United States could set afloat the finest navy in the world.

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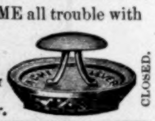

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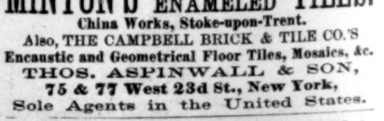

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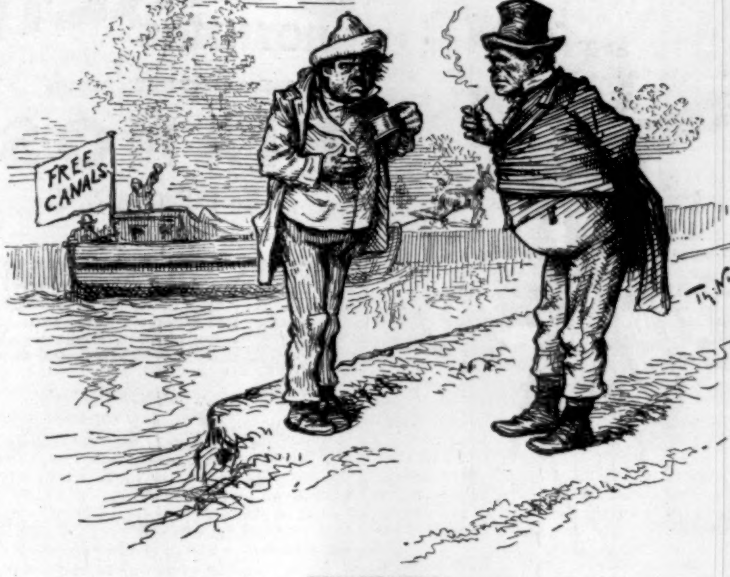
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